

Next Week, Dr. Wm. Mason Turner's New Story, "Bessie Raynor, the Factory Girl."

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No. 72.

THE BABY OVER THE WAY.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

Across my neighbor's window,
With its drapery of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath a crown of ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.
His feet in their wee, red slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod, and smile, as they pass.

Just here, in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patch on his faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking,
At my toiling every day.

Sometimes, when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleepy darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses, all;
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one, as they fall.

And when I draw the stocking
From his little tired feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And frown that my God withholds them,
From mine, so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy!
I knew not what I said;
My heart is crushed and humbled;
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin
As they carried it out to-day;
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way.

The light is fair in my window;
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor;
The roses of health are blushing
On my darling's cheek to-day;
But baby is gone from the window
Of the house over the way!

Love-Blind:

OR,
WAS SHE GUILTY?

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF "OATH-BOUND," "SHADOWED HEART,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

WINNIE ST. CYR.

A PETITE figure, of exquisitely molded proportions; hair of brightest brown, tinted with rich golden bronze shades—long, lustrous hair, curled in a loose thick mass at the back of her head, and arranged *a la Pompadour* in front; eyes of a rare, violet hue, long in form and slanting in expression, with full white lids fringed with glittering lashes; a complexion that suggested ruby wine flung on the purest snow.

That was Winnie St. Cyr, as she alighted from the carriage at the door, and walked up the flight of marble steps.

A wondrously fair girl, with quiet, retiring manners, full of inbred culture and refinement; a trifle cold in her general demeanor, and very sensitive.

That was Lillian Rothermel's rapid mental description of her, as she went away from her window.

"She is dangerous; she shall marry Lester Alvanley!"

And she went gracefully down-stairs to meet Miss St. Cyr, wondering if Harry had seen her yet.

But she was a moment too late; for Miss Winnie had just gone into the room assigned her—"her room," she called it, the one she always occupied when visiting at Fernleigh.

At the door she dismissed the maid, and turning the key, sat wearily down in a comfortably-padded chair.

Fernleigh was no strange place to her; her very earliest memories were of this same room, where she could just remember seeing her invalid mother sitting by the window that commanded such a view of the swelling hills and winding river.

Then Mrs. St. Cyr had died, and Mr. Claverling, who, for her dead father's sake—once of Mr. Claverling's earliest friends—had given her mother a home to die in, had promised her to see that her little Winnie should be educated so she might be prepared to earn her own living when she grew old enough.

So the years went on, and little Winnie St. Cyr had grown to girlhood; a fair, sweet girl, too, with a complete education, a warm, tender heart, full of lasting gratitude to Mr. Edward Claverling, and possessed of a womanly independence that could not accept the offer to make Fernleigh her home.

So she went forth, earnest, brave and strong to wrest from the world what it owed her—what it owes us all, and will pay us all, if we are but courageous enough to demand it boldly; if we are but strong enough and brave enough to go out to the fight with industry, economy and prudence for our weapons.

Winnie St. Cyr had been thus fortunate; she had at the very first found a congenial mode of life as children's private instructor in the family of Mrs. Dr. Florestan; success, a comfortable income; all reasonable happiness had come to her—except—

She had loved Harry Gordeloup so; with all the purity, tenderness and depth of her exquisite nature; he had been her sun, her king, her very life—and now, as she sat alone in the cool, darkened room at Fernleigh, where her mother had died, she thought how bitter a desolation had swept over her.

It had all happened so suddenly; it was hardly three years since she had first seen him—how well she remembered it!

He had come to Dr. Florestan's, one day, on business relating to his profession—Har-



He did not vouchsafe a glance at Lillian, who was keenly watching them both.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MEETING IN THE GARDEN.

IF, with all her consummate tact, Lillian Rothermel had arranged a meeting between the two, it could not have been more satisfactory to her; and, surprised as she was herself, she was enabled to conceal it.

Harry involuntarily stepped back; then, instantly resuming an easy, indifferent air, raised his hat gallantly.

"I beg pardon, Miss St. Cyr; this is as pleasant as unexpected. I am glad you have joined us at Fernleigh."

He did not vouchsafe a glance at Lillian, who was keenly watching them both.

For an instant Winnie's heart gave such fearful leaps she seemed to suffocate; then, by some superhuman power, she concealed all signs of her sudden agitation; and, save by a quivering of the fingers Lillian held, she would never have guessed the emotion the girl experienced.

"Thank you, Mr. Gordeloup. I am surprised to see you here, as well."

Her voice was low and perfectly even, and she looked up at him as she spoke.

"Then Mr. Claverling did not tell you?"

"I have not seen him yet. Miss Rothermel, perhaps you mentioned it, and I did not take notice."

Winnie turned to Lillian, with a certain dim idea that matters were wrong between her and Harry.

"I hardly know whether I did or not, Winnie. One in my position has so many things to think of. While I remember it, dear, your old friend, Mr. Alvanley, is coming to-morrow."

Lillian watched the effect of her announcement with secret exultation.

"Mr. Alvanley! to Fernleigh! I am very sorry."

But her face was growing scarlet under the keen glances of Lillian's eyes, no less than the regards of Harry that she felt were fixed on her.

"Oh, well, you needn't mind, Winnie. We all know the delightful little secret—Ah! there's Mr. Claverling now. Excuse us, Mr. Gordeloup."

She hurried Winnie away, and left Harry to return to the house, or wherever he saw fit, with that false representation in his ears.

"Mr. Alvanley! a delightful little secret! What could it mean unless a love affair? Who was this fellow who was coming to Fernleigh? he would like to choke him, anyhow!"

Poor Harry! the sight of those two women—the one he had jilted, so fair and pure, and the one who had thrown him over, so haughty and sarcastic—had aroused strange feelings in his heart.

Why should he care who Winnie St. Cyr married? she was nothing to him and never would be, for never while he lived would he go back to her whom he had so outraged, and ask to be reinstated.

But there was an unaccountable feeling

in his heart—he had been so unmercifully cruel to Winnie, and she was so pretty and womanly. Well, Lillian Rothermel had paid him up for it; and he took a savage satisfaction in the thought.

They were intimate, at any rate, then, for she had called her Winnie; he supposed she would tell her every thing—women always did. He almost hoped she would, for then, perhaps, Winnie would pity him, and somehow Winnie's sympathy would have been very sweet just then.

Not that Harry was re-falling in love with Winnie St. Cyr; nothing was further from his thoughts; but he had been so unrooted in his confidence in Lillian Rothermel; he had been so wounded to the very depths of his nature; and there is no other time when a soul goes yearning for sympathy as when it is crushed and bruised.

Harry knew the kind of pity Winnie would have poured in his soul had he been wounded in any other cause, and was still true to her. He longed for some kind word, but he knew it could not come from her, whom he had so hurt.

No, he had not the vaguest dream of a renewal of old relations with her, even when he had said "perhaps," to Lillian, that afternoon.

The truth was, he loved this false, ambitious woman as well, in a different sort of way, as he had done a week before. People who love as he did can not smother it all at once, though their pride may quench the flames, little by little, until reason can come to the rescue, and at one well-directed blow dash the smoldering fire-brands in every direction, never to be lighted more.

He turned around, at the door, to watch the two women; they were just turning the curve by the rose arbor; then he went in and threw himself down on the sofa in the reading-room.

CHAPTER IX.

THE SHADOW ON THE PATH.

LILLIAN and Winnie had walked on in perfect silence after they had gone on from Harry.

Then Winnie, with pained reproach in her eyes and voice, turned to Miss Rothermel.

"Why did you not prepare me for that? Besides, had I known Lester Alvanley was coming, I would have gone to the mountains."

A sparkle came to Lillian's eyes.

"I thought you knew Harry was here; and had I dreamed my careless announcement was so distressing, surely I would not have made it. I understood you and he were engaged."

Winnie exclaimed, angrily:

"Miss Rothermel! you of all others should know I am not engaged to any one, much less *him*. I can not so soon forget."

"That I was so cruel, Winnie, you mean?"

"I had rather not discuss it, please. Mr. Claverling, I am so delighted!"

She broke away from Lillian to greet Mr. Clavering.

"You are in time to congratulate me, too, Winnie," he said, after an exchange of compliments, and glancing at Lillian as he spoke.

"Upon what, sir?"

"Has she not told you that she is going to make me the happiest of men? Surely, Lillian, you told her of our approaching marriage?"

Winnie uttered a little cry of astonishment.

Lillian laughed at her evident dismay.

"I was reserving that important item till the second day's acquaintance."

"But—but I thought—I always understood it was to be Harry—Mr. Gordeloup?"

Her words were freighted with painful surprise.

"No," Mr. Gordeloup changed his mind once upon a time, so I felt a perfect liberty in following his example."

Winnie winced under the calm, almost merciless tones.

"So you'll not even kiss me for the news, Winnie?"

Mr. Clavering held out his arms to embrace her, but she only stood still, paling and crimsoning by turns, glancing at Lillian's immobile face, that seemed to transform to a very Medusa head before her; at Mr. Clavering, so old, so noble, so unexpected; at the house, whither poor Harry had gone on alone.

It rushed over her in an overwhelming torrent: this woman whom she despised from this moment, had broken her Harry's heart for Mr. Clavering's money; and the dear, kind old man was blind to it all!

"Perhaps Miss St. Cyr does not approve?"

Lillian's cold, even tones broke the absorbing reverie, and Winnie turned to the old gentleman with all the impulsiveness of her nature.

"Mr. Clavering! Mr. Clavering, I do not approve! I am sure it is wrong for her to want to marry you when you are so old—forgive me, my dear, kind friend! but there is Harry's heart she has trodden on to reach your money—oh, Miss Amy! do you think it right?"

A cloud, dark as thunder, was on Mr. Clavering's forehead.

"Winnied! you forget yourself! I must beg an ample apology of this lady, who, in one week will be my wife!"

"A week!" repeated Winnie, unheeding the request; and then Lillian spoke:

"I beg you will overlook her language, Mr. Clavering, for my sake, please."

She laid her jeweled fingers on his arm.

"I will, because you ask it! Winnie, I am surprised! To say the least, your remarks tend to display a regard for Mr. Gordeloup incompatible with maidenly delicacy."

Winnie's eyes began to flash.

"Mr. Clavering, you know I have no interest in the gentleman, and if I had, I think it would be more to my interest to see her married to you."

Her voice was clear and high, and Lillian was exulting secretly at the turn affairs had taken.

"Let us forget this, Winnie, Mr. Clavering, shake hands and be friends!"

She beamed her sweetest smile on them.

"No, I will not," said Winnie, spiritedly. "I will not forget it or forgive it, until Mr. Clavering takes back his insinuation regarding Mr. Gordeloup."

He smiled, amusedly.

"You are a silly child. You had better forget this gay Mr. Harry, and prepare to meet Mr. Alvanley to-morrow. You know what I want—what I particularly request regarding Lester."

"I never shall marry him."

"But if I should enforce it, eh?"

He laughed as he spoke.

"You could not live long enough to do that."

"Or I'd be an octogenarian? Let's drop all this talk. Winnie, we're too old friends to quarrel so. Take my arm, Lillian; Winnie, will you walk with Amy? and promise and forget?"

"I can neither promise nor forget."

CHAPTER X.

DISCORDANT HARMONIES.

It seemed that Winnie St. Cyr's appearance at Fernleigh was destined to continue as it had commenced; for that evening, when the entire household met in the dining-room, Mr. Lester Alvanley had arrived. Winnie had not heard of it, as had the rest of the family, and she alone was surprised when she saw him.

He was not a handsome man, by any means; but there was an air of stylishness about him that was almost as good. He was rather grave than merry, and yet knew just what to say, and when to say it.

Generally he was a favorite with ladies; in fact, of all the women he knew, Winnie St. Cyr was the only one whom he had never been able to become very well acquainted with. True, she would laugh and talk, but that was all; by no possible stretch of imagination could Mr. Alvanley see how he would dare call her Winnie—and yet he regarded her as his future wife, and had come down to Fernleigh more because he hoped to advance his cause than from courtesy to Mr. Clavering.

Of Harry Gordeloup he knew considerable; naturally he was disposed to dislike him because he had succeeded in engaging Winnie to him, despite all the persuasions he used to prove she had no right to accept Gordeloup's attentions, on the ground of a previous engagement with him. But Winnie, with her usual independence, had scorned the idea; she would never make it, and engagement; she had never made it, and would not be held responsible for the promises of other parties. If Mr. Alvanley was disposed to keep the promise, it was simply unfortunate; she certainly never should.

So she had given herself to Harry Gordeloup; and now Lester Alvanley despised him for the part he had played toward Winnie, though how he had learned it she never knew; she only knew her lips had never condemned him.

So Lester Alvanley had come down to Fernleigh to strive again for the hand and heart of Winnie St. Cyr; he loved her with a true affection, and had Winnie loved him enough to marry him, he would have made her a good husband.

As she came into the dining-room, Harry looked up at the instant that Alvanley came forward to greet her. He saw her lightened color, and ascribed it to a cause far from the truth; he noticed Alvanley's solicitous greeting, and then he saw Lillian Rothermel smile on them.

For the moment he hated her most fiercely; he saw she was still jealous of him, and

maneuvering to bring about a match between Winnie and Alvanley.

Then he remembered what he had heard Winnie say so often about Lester Alvanley, and he curled his lips in contempt at the palpable scheme.

They were not a very social party that evening. Winnie went to her room early; Harry took a stroll; and Mr. Alvanley, after a long wait with Mr. Clavering, pleaded fatigue as an excuse to retire.

Very shortly Lillian and Miss Amy went, and Fernleigh was dark and silent by eleven o'clock. The night was very warm; there seemed a storm brewing, for the stars were hid, and not a breath of air was stirring.

Winnie had been sitting beside her window all the long hours since she had come up-stairs; and now that the house was quiet, she threw a light shawl over her shoulders, and groped her way through the main hall to the front veranda. Her head was aching, but not more than her heart; she felt about her the invisible presence of some impending trouble. Was Mr. Alvanley come to torment her again? or was Lillian Rothermel, the treacherous woman she had so suddenly decided her to be—an enemy or a friend? Wrapt in her thoughts, she paid no heed to the moments, and only when a chill breeze, suddenly sweeping from the river, made her shiver, did she arise to go in again.

She had gained the upper landing, and was just opposite Mr. Clavering's door, when it suddenly opened, and Harry Gordeloup came out. Winnie shrunk back among the pillars that lined the hallway, holding her breath lest he should hear her then, when he had entered his room, she glided noiselessly from her niche, gently closed Mr. Clavering's door, that Harry had left ajar, and entered her own apartment.

A quick rush of garments startled her, and she looked into the hall again to see who was there; but the rising wind was sweeping the curtains to and fro, and she instantly decided it was that she had heard.

So, worn with the fatigue of her journey, she laid herself down, and was immediately asleep.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEATH-BLOW.

She was awakened by an unusual commotion through the house; the sun was shining, a broad ribbon of golden light, across her room; a robin was chirping on a tree-branch near her window, and every thing out of doors was fresh and beautiful.

But there was a strange something that filled her with terror the moment she awakened—and she had awakened suddenly, from a deep sleep to perfect wakefulness with this curious terror about her.

She laughed at her nervousness and rose to dress herself, all the while wondering why the servants made such a distracting noise sweeping and dusting the halls and veranda.

Then flying footsteps, not from downstairs, but from the floor where Mr. Clavering slept, and where Harry had his room, and Miss Rothermel hers, paused at her door, followed by a quick, nervous rap.

"For God's sake, Miss St. Cyr, come down! he's dead! he's dead!"

She sprang to unlock the door, with wild excitement, leaping to her feet.

It was Lillian who was outside, her face white as death, her eyes glittering with fear and grief; a long white wrapper draping her figure, and her black hair streaming down her shoulders.

She caught Winnie's hands, and wrung them in her own.

"Oh, Winnie, Winnie, I think I am going crazy—my brain seems burning when I try to realize it."

"Who—what—who is dead?"

"Didn't I tell you it was Mr. Clavering—dead, murdered in his bed?"

A scream burst from Winnie's lips:

"Merciful Lord, no! Mr. Clavering—dear, old Mr. Clavering murdered! He had not an enemy in the world."

"But would a friend have done it?—oh! Winnie, pity me! kiss me, and tell me you pity me because I have lost him!"

And Winnie, pale and trembling, half-dazed at the sudden news, knelt and would have kissed her cold forehead.

"Come down, and see him. He is so tranquil, so noble—my grand lover! Winnie, I wonder if I can survive this fearful blow. And we were to be married on Thursday. I know you did not approve; but I loved him so dearly!"

She bent a sorrowfully-questioning glance on Winnie, who shook her head.

"Never mind that, Miss Rothermel; perhaps I was hasty and rude. We will forget it, and I'll pray Heaven to comfort you."

They went down the elegant velvet-carpeted stairs, silently, and walked into the chamber of mystery.

Winnie glanced up; Harry Gordeloup stood beside the bed, with Miss Amy leaning on his arm, sobbing and moaning.

Mr. Alvanley, with quiet dignity, sat beside the window.

Harry glanced up as the two women came in; Winnie met that quick, half-veiled look—

and a faint cry escaped her, as she saw a tense, gray line gather around his mouth.

She grew deathly chill; her knees trembled until she feared she should fall, and Mr. Alvanley sprang to catch her swaying figure. A dull red tinge came to Harry Gordeloup's face as her eyes sought his again, and then she swooned into unconsciousness.

And all this, because, like a fatal revelation, had come to her a scathing conviction; she remembered whom she had met coming from the room of the murdered man in the silent night; she knew how he loved Lillian Rothermel—the old man's betrothed!

The terrible force of this conviction, lightened by the wild, strange look in his eyes when she met them, had been too much; her consciousness mercifully gave way, and she lay in Lester Alvanley's arms, as ghostly and pallid as the dead man on his couch.

Lillian, seeing Miss Amy and Mr. Alvanley were attending to Winnie, had gone over to the bedside, and sunk on her knees, covering Mr. Clavering's hand with her eager kisses; and Harry Gordeloup smiled grimly down, thinking she would be repaid by that five thousand a year!

Already the coroner had been notified, the physicians sent for, and they were waiting for the possible explanation of the mystery.

Tranquil and still Mr. Clavering lay, his features clad in the icy dignity and grandeur that death always lends the face of a man who has gone, clear-conscience, to his final account.

There had been no struggle; not even a

contraction of a finger, or a corrugation of the forehead; only on the breast, where the linen shirt had been unfastened, was a tiny red spot; not so large as a mustard seed; yet fearfully indicative of a mysterious foul play.

The consulting physicians found no possible cause for death in the vital organs; Mr. Clavering was a temperate, healthy man, and would have lived years yet; so, when the horrible little red spot was examined, a universal cry of horror went up.

It had been his death; a poisoned barb had been shot into his flesh; some little diabolical engine of death had done its work.

What it had been, they could only speculate, enough that he was murdered—by whom?

That was the question to be settled. Certainly a personal revenge; for not a jewel, not a dollar of money had been touched.

But the mystery was dense as Egyptian darkness; and the verdict was rendered in accordance therewith; which only Winnie St. Cyr, in her long, deep faint, might have cleared up!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 71.)

Overland Kit:

OR,

THE IDYL OF WHITE PINE.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "WITCHES OF NEW YORK," "WOLF DEMON," "WHITE WITCH," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

BERNICE AND INJUN DICK.

BERNICE'S face flushed crimson as she caught sight of the lithe, sinewy figure of Injun Dick. She stopped suddenly, as though stricken into stone, and a long breath came from between the full, red lips.

Dick was advancing slowly; his hands clasped behind him, his eyes bent upon the ground, and his whole aspect plainly betraying that he was deep in thought.

He did not see the motionless figure that stood by the side of the rude road.

Slowly he came onward.

Bernice remained on the spot where she had stood when she had first discovered Dick approaching.

As he drew nearer and nearer, the color came and went in her wax-like cheeks.

Supremely beautiful she looked, as she stood in the center of the little ravine through which ran the road, robed in her neat traveling suit, her golden-brown locks straying carelessly from under the jaunty straw hat.

Talbot came on with measured pace, his brow dark with thought—furrowed with the lines of care.

Bernice made a slight motion toward him.

His quick ear caught the rustle of her dress. In astonishment he raised his eyes.

When they fell upon Bernice's face, he halted and then recoiled, as though a phantom stood before him, rather than a young and beautiful woman. His face became

ashy pale; huge drops of perspiration came out and trickled down his forehead. Injun Dick, the dare-devil, who had never turned his back on mortal foe, now trembled at the mere sight of the fair young girl.

A moment he gazed upon Bernice with staring eyes; then he cast a rapid glance behind him, as if he meditated seeking safety in flight.

Bernice guessed his intention and promptly stepped forward.

"Isn't this Mr. Talbot?" she asked, fixing her large, clear eyes upon his face.

Dick's breath came thick and fast. What terrible spell had the face of the young girl cast upon him?

"Yes," he murmured, speaking only with a great effort.

"You are the gentleman who so kindly resigned the room to me last night, I believe?"

Bernice was now so near Talbot that she could have touched him with her hand.

By a powerful effort, Dick recovered his composure.

"Nothing but a common act of courtesy, Miss," he replied, quietly; "any one would have done the same."

"How do you perform the act of course you deserve the thanks," she said, a pleasant smile upon her fair face; and, as Talbot gazed upon it, he could not help thinking how lovely she was.

"I am always pleased to be of any service to a lady," he answered.

"Mr. Talbot," she said, suddenly, after a little pause, during which her eyes had rested searchingly upon the face of Injun Dick, as no one has ever introduced me to you, I suppose I must do so myself. My name is Bernice Gwyne, and I come from New York."

Talbot bowed, but replied not; his face, though, was a shade paler under the searching eyes of the girl.

"Do you know why I have come to this wild mining region?" she asked, her full blue eyes still resting upon his face.

"Why, how should I know, Miss?" he asked, an expression of astonishment on his features.

"Then I'll tell you; I am a woman who seeks. Can you guess what I seek?"

Talbot shook his head in the negative. For a moment Bernice looked disappointed, but 'twas soon over.

"I seek my cousin, Patrick Gwyne, who left New York ten years ago."

Talbot looked steadily in the face of the girl, but did not speak. Bernice's brows contracted just a little.

"I have been wishing to see you all the morning, Mr. Talbot," she continued, after a moment's pause; "can you guess why I wished to see you?"

"To speak about the room I suppose, Miss," Talbot said, slowly, his eyelids coming down just a little over his dark eyes.

"No; guess again!" she exclaimed.

"I can not guess," he replied.

"If it will please you," was his non-committal reply.

"Then you do not care to know?" she asked, a strange expression upon her features.

"Why should I care?" he said, apparently puzzled at the question.

"I'll tell you, and then you will plainly see why you should care," she exclaimed, just a little bit of impatience in her manner.

"I wished to see you, because I thought that you might be able to tell me something of my cousin, Patrick Gwyne."

Talbot looked at the fair girl for a moment, an expression of blank amazement upon his face; then he spoke:

"You expected that I would tell you

something about your cousin?" astonishment in his voice as in his face.

"Yes," replied Bernice, firmly.

"I can not understand why you should think so," he said, slowly.

"Look at me!" she said, imperiously, but the sweetness of the clear tone was full pardon for the manner.

"Well?" Talbot's eyes were fixed on her face.

"Am I blind?"

"No."

"Do you think that I can not recognize you, even though years have passed?"

Again Dick looked utterly astonished.

"It is a hard matter to recognize one whom you have never seen before," he said, slowly.

"Do you mean to say that I have never seen you before?" she asked, quickly.

"Before last night, never!" he replied, firmly.

"How can you say such a thing?" she said, earnestly. "My woman's eyes have read the truth, even though ten years have changed you a great deal. Ten years ago your cheek was as white as my hand, your chin as hairless as mine; and now, even though your face is bronzed by sun and wind, and your chin covered by a beard, I know you!"

"And who am I?" he asked, quietly.

"Your name is not Talbot!" she replied, quickly.

"Possibly," he said, carelessly; "in this wild region, the refuge of men whose crimes have outlawed them from civilization, few men are known by their right names."

"Could I not speak your name, if I wished to?" she asked, suddenly, fixing her eyes upon his face with a look as though she would read the truth in his eyes, despite his efforts to conceal it.

A moment Injun Dick looked into the beautiful face, so radiant with youth, health and freshness; then again, cat-fashion, his eyelids came half-way down over his eyes.

"No, you can not speak my name," he said, in a firm, clear tone, which betrayed no trace of hesitation.

"Shall I try?" she asked, a touch of reproach in her voice and a mournful look in her large eyes.

"Just as you please," he replied, in a tone of thorough unconcern.

"Why do you attempt to deceive me?" she exclaimed, petulantly, her face betraying deep emotion.

"I am not attempting to deceive you," he said, calmly, his manner forming a strange contrast with hers. "You think that you have detected in my face a resemblance to some one—who, of course, I know not. Because I do not allow you to continue in your error, and do not admit that I am the person you think I am, you accuse me of deceiving you."

"Why did you hide your face from me in the saloon last night? Why did you faint—like a woman—when you caught sight of my features in the window last night? And why, when I encountered you here, a moment ago, did you turn pale and then look around as if you wished to fly from me, as if I were a wild beast?" Quick and earnest came the eager questions from Bernice's full lips.

"Miss, when I tell you who and what I am, perhaps you will understand why your presence has affected me so strangely—for I won't attempt to deny the truth of what you have just said," Dick answered, slowly.

"I am Dick Talbot, the man who wears broadcloth and fine linen, and who plays cards for a living—injun Dick, the gambler; that's what I am; not the fit sort of a gentleman to talk to a lady like you. I'm a human wolf—a panther—that preys upon honest men; robs them of their hard-earned gold-dust, and takes in five minutes what cost days of toil, maybe, to win. Like all men who follow cards for a living, I believe in luck. For two days before the one on which you came to this place, I had a run of bad luck. I noticed that, every time I lost my money, the queen of hearts had something to do with it. If I had a pair of Jacks—a pretty fair hand to bet on, Miss—somebody else had a pair of queens, and one of them was sure to be the queen of hearts. So, when you came into the Eldorado last night, the moment I set eyes on you, I saw that you were a heart-woman; that is, you know, in fortune-telling the queen of hearts would represent you. And the moment my eyes fell upon your face something whispered in my ear that you were fated to bring bad luck to me. I made up my mind to 'leave'—get out—leave Spur City till you left it; but luck was against me there, too, for things have worked so that I am obliged to stay here. Now that you know who and what I am, it must be clear to you that I am not the person you have taken me to be."

Attentively Bernice had listened to Talbot's story.

"You will not confess the truth, then?" she said, mournfully.

"What! ain't you convinced yet?" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, convinced that you are the man I think you are. You can not deceive me!" cried Bernice, impulsively. "And I will never leave this place until I make you confess the truth."

"You'll stay here a long time, then, Miss," Talbot said, quietly.

"No; something—I know not what—tells me you will acknowledge that I have guessed rightly before many days are over."

"If you stay here long, Miss, I feel sure that it will end in my being put into a hole in the ground," Talbot said, seriously.

"You're going to bring me bad luck."

"How can that be?"

"I can't tell, but I'm certain it's in the cards," he replied. "Why, men who follow my business out in these regions walk over quicksands; there's no knowing when we'll sink, and when once we go through the crust, we are pretty sure not to stop until the sands close over our heads. The Vigilantes may rise right here in Spur City, and string me up to the nearest tree at any time."

Bernice had little idea of the terrible meaning of the simple word "Vigilantes."

"No one will dare to punish you unless you commit a crime," she said.

"I am committing one every day by lying here. Am I not a black sheep—a gambler?" Judge Lynch has small mercy on gentlemen of my craft when he once gets his hand in. And now, Miss, let me advise you not to be seen talking with me. I am not fit company for you. Only the rough miners associate with Injun Dick. Why, I am not only a gambler, but I am a bruiser—a fighting man. Give me a wide berth, Miss; it will be better for both of us."

"By my actions in the future you shall see how I regard your counsel," Bernice turned and walked back toward the town.

Dick gazed after her with a strange expression upon his face.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MAN THINKING OF MURDER.

"You can? Where is he?"
"Why, right here."
"Here?" questioned the Judge, in amazement.
"Yes, here in Spur City; he's got his disguise off now, though, but I kin swear to his voice!" cried Joe, full of confidence.

CHAPTER XV. GAITS STRIKES A "LEAD."

THE sun had sunk behind the snow-white peaks far off in the west, and the gloom of the twilight was gathering thick over river, valley and mountain range.
Spur City was alive with red-shirted, big-booted miners. Dim lights were shining from the few windows that the mining camp possessed, and whisky-drinking and card-playing were going on briskly.

Young Rennet coming up the street encountered at the door of the Eldorado a man who has not appeared before in our story, although spoken of.

The man was Gaitus Tendall. In appearance he was about the medium height, not very stoutly built, the contour of his face regular, blue eyes—rather handsome eyes, but shifting and uncertain; light yellow hair that curled in crispy ringlets all over his head.

At the first glance that Rennet gave at his friend, he saw that something was the matter with him. There was a look of exaltation upon his face that was not usually there, for Tendall was one of the habitually unlucky fellows who never succeed in any undertaking, and his face was generally gloomy and overcast.

"Hallo, Jim, my boy!" ejaculated Tendall, slapping Rennet on the shoulder. "I've been looking all over the town for you. I've been in every drinking-place from here to Paddy's Flat, hunting you, and have 'pisoned' myself in every one."

"Why, you must be flush, then," Rennet said, a little puzzled, for he knew that that morning Tendall hadn't a dollar.
"Flush! well, you bet!" cried his friend, in triumph. "Shall I lend you ten?" and he drew a handful of silver from his pocket as he spoke.

"Where the deuce did you get your money?" asked Rennet, in astonishment.
"Oh, I've struck a lead!" replied Gaitus, with an affectionate of careless unconcern.

"Not up in the gully?"
"No, down here in the city."
"The deuce you have!"
"Fact!" exclaimed Tendall, triumphantly. "Been playing poker?"
"Did you ever know me to win anything at cards?"

"Never!" replied Rennet, emphatically.
"Well, I didn't get this that way. I've struck a partner, and I'll just bet that the strike will be worth four oughts before I get through with it."

"What the deuce have you tumbled into?" questioned Rennet, in amazement.
"A pocketful of gold-dust, old pard!" cried Tendall, gayly; "no more slaving for me; the mines up the gully may go to Old Nick, for all I care; I'll make you a present of my interest in Wildcat, No. 1."

"See here, Gay, you've got too much whisky on board!"
"Fulfill a tick, you bet! How's that for high!" and Tendall hit Rennet another vigorous slap on the shoulder.

"Are you crazy?"
"With joy? yes," replied Tendall. "The fact is, Jim, I've discovered a little secret, and to have me keep my mouth shut, somebody pays me well. Do you see? I'm all right for the best room in the Eldorado, hereafter."

"Oh! it's something that concerns Miss Jennie, eh?"
"Did I say it was?" demanded Tendall, with an air of wisdom. "I say, Jim, I've been celebrating pretty free, but I know what I'm about, and you can't pump me."

"Who's trying to?" asked Rennet, with a laugh. "I suppose though that you've discovered who backs Miss Jennie in running the Eldorado, eh?"

"Well, maybe I have and maybe I haven't," replied Tendall, with a wink; "but come in and we'll have a bottle of wine, that is, if they've got such a thing here; and I don't believe they have."

As the two entered the Eldorado, they encountered the old lawyer. Rennet introduced his friend to his father. The old gentleman begged to be excused, when Tendall pressed him to join himself and "Jim," and proceeded up stairs, leaving the two young men in the saloon.

The old lawyer went at once to Bernice's room. He found the young girl seated by the window, peering out into the darkness, for by this time the shadows of the twilight had deepened into the somber gloom of the night.

A single candle, burning on the little table, alone lighted up the room.
"Well, my dear," said the old lawyer, after entering the little apartment, "I hope that you are pretty well satisfied by this time with this detestable place. I think that we had better make up our minds to return to New York as soon as possible."

"You forget that I have not discovered yet what I came to seek," Bernice replied.

"Oh, hain't James told you?"

"Told me what?"

"Why, about the miner who witnessed the death of your cousin, Patrick?"

"His death?"

"Yes."

"Patrick Gwynne is not dead!" replied Bernice, decidedly.

"Oh, yes, my dear, he is!" exclaimed the lawyer.

"James met a miner to-day who told him all the particulars of the affair. Why, he even saw him buried! A man, you know, don't come up out of the ground!"

"Patrick Gwynne has!" Bernice exclaimed.

"Eh?" Rennet was astonished.

"He can not be in his grave."

"Why not?"

"Because I have seen him to-day!" replied Bernice, firmly.

"My dear girl, are you in possession of your senses?" Rennet exclaimed.

"I think that I am perfectly sane," Bernice said, smiling. "I repeat: I have not only seen, but spoken with Patrick Gwynne to-day."

"You have?"

"Yes, and before many days you shall see him also. He is now disguising himself under a false name."

"Bless me, you really astonish me," said Rennet, rather bewildered. His little plan for deceiving Bernice in regard to the fate of Patrick Gwynne had entirely failed. "I must go and tell James the news," and he hurried from the room.

Bernice again gazed out of the window. Strange thoughts were in her mind; again she stood in the lonely canyon, and

held the interview with the man called Injun Dick.

"Can it be that I am fated to be his bad angel?" she murmured, gazing out into the darkness of the night as though she expected to see there the answer to her question.

The sudden opening of the door of her room drew her attention from the window. She turned her head and figure met her eyes that filled her soul with a strange terror.

Within the room, the door closed behind him, a black mask over his face, stood the road-agent, Overland Kit!
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 63.)

Saved.

BY JOSEPH E. RADGERS, JR.

MAGGIE FREE paused, with outstretched hand hovering over the tempting bunch of luscious blackberries, and the song that she was lightly humming died away upon her lips, while a pale shade settled upon her comely face. From her vine-embowered nook, among the rocky crags, she had heard the sound of a clear mellow whistle, and glancing down from her leafy covert, had espied a man, slowly advancing.

He was tall and handsome, dressed with a careless neatness in a half-hunter, half-civilian garb, and did not appear one to excite the emotions of fear and aversion in a young and lovely maiden's heart. He idly paced to and fro upon the little patch of level sward, now and then drawing a time-piece from his pocket, to note the hour, as if in momentary expectation of meeting somebody.

Maggie knew right well that she could not escape from the spot without notice, and although she apprehended no bodily harm, yet she did not care to be seen by Frank Trayne, out there, alone and comparatively helpless, for she had not yet forgotten the bitter threats of the young man when she rejected his suit. So she crouched down and waited with impatience for his withdrawal.

In a few minutes she beheld another man approaching, and then, when the two greeted each other, a cold thrill ran over her frame. Tom Naughton! The most cruel and ruthless desperado that the war had produced. The man most dreaded and hated by the lawful citizens, the man to whom rapine and bloodshed appeared a second nature; upon whose head a price had been set by both the British and American authorities, but who appeared to bear a charmed life and to escape all snares as if by instinct. No wonder she shuddered.

"Well, my boy," said Trayne, "you're here at last, and now to business. Do you want to earn a hundred pounds?"
"Do I like whisky, or do you like pretty girls?" grinned the repulsive-looking outlaw.

"Well, then, you wouldn't mind putting a man to sleep for that, would you?"
"Nor ten, if necessary."

"One will do. Do you know Eben Stout?"

"Don't I?" with a bitter scowl. "He chased me one whole day with his gang of rascals, and I owe him one for it. But are you in earnest?"

"I never just; and the very moment you bring me proof that he's done for, I will pay you."

"Well, I don't know but I can trust you, but still I would feel better satisfied if you would give me a part down as earnest money. Say ten pounds, or so."

"Very well, and now listen. I know that he will be near here this very night, because he is head over ears in love with Maggie Free, at the village. He must come by the river-road—for his men are near Claytons—and you can easily ambush him there. And then a fall from the cliff among the rocks will make it all safe. After that I defy anybody, however acute, to find that his death was helped by lead or steel. But you know the road, don't you?"

"Every inch of it, and if he comes that way, just consider the job done. But, mind ye, my friend, how you act, for if you don't plank down at once I will hunt you up; and you know how I settle my debts," growled the burly outlaw, significantly.

"Never mind your threats, Tom, for you know me well enough to be sure that it is not from cowardice that I hire another to do this job. Your money will be ready for you as soon as the job is done; and then, with a few more words, the two plotters turned and left the spot, in opposite directions.

For some little time Maggie Free crouched down among the rocks, almost stupefied at the dark plot that had so providentially been revealed to her. She knew that her lover—for such was Eben Stout in reality—was in great danger, and how should she warn him in time? She knew that if this was done it must be by herself, for not one able-bodied man, or even a boy, remained at the little village, for news had come that a predatory band of outlaws and Tories were ravaging the upper country, and they had united to repel them.

And it was so far to the spot designated—the hills overlooking the river—and the sun was entirely down. With a low cry of agonized terror, Maggie caught up her basket and fled toward home with a speed lent by apprehension. She feared to tell her aged and invalid grandmother, with whom she lived, and schooled her features to calmness as she entered the house.

Maggie hastily sought her room and secured a brace of small silver-mounted pistols, that had been a present from Eben, and which she had been taught to fire by him with a deadly precision rare to women, and then telling her grandmother that she was going to a neighbor's, set off upon her perilous errand. With fleet steps, though wildly beating heart, Maggie left the little hamlet behind her, and sped onward into the fast-gathering gloom.

Her haste threatened to destroy all, however, for she took the wrong turn, and did not discover her error until an hour's precious time had been lost. And then, with aching heart and throbbing brain, Maggie struck across the hills, hoping thus to gain time. But it was a dreadful weary toil, and as she proceeded her limbs began to fail her, and more than once she stumbled over the rocks, whose sharp points cruelly tore her tender feet, cutting like knives through the leather shoes.

But still onward she pressed, weary, sick at heart, and almost fainting; but the fear of being too late sustained her. Each moment seemed an age, and with every breath she half expected to hear the death-dealing shot, or the shrill shriek of agony as the outlaw hurled his unprepared victim over

the precipice to meet a horrible doom upon the rocks below. And the dark clouds rendered the way still more obscure, and she feared lest she had again taken the wrong turn.

Then—blessed sight!—Maggie caught a far-off glimpse of the river, whose tranquil surface showed for a moment in the light cast down through a tiny rift in the clouds, that seemed to her sinking heart like a favorable sign from Heaven, for the next instant all was again dark, as before. But was she too late? Had the dreadful deed been accomplished ere now?

And then it was such a long stretch for the murderer to choose from! At which precise point of the river had he stationed himself? Whether above or below her present position, she could not tell, and time was swiftly passing by. With an inward prayer for guidance, Maggie began the descent toward the road—or rather bridge-path, intending to flee along it until she should meet her lover, and thus save him from the impending danger. But, suddenly, her foot slipped and she fell downward, when a sharp pain shot through her ankle. The groan of pain that rose to her lips was checked by a glimpse of a shadowy form rising among the rocks at a little distance to her right, and then the hoarse tones of Tom Naughton met her ear:

"Who is that? Speak or I'll put a bullet through you!" and then, after a moment's pause, he added: "Bah! I'm a fool, I reckon. Scared at a rock tumbling down!" and then he crouched down once more, awaiting the approach of his intended victim.

Maggie was trembling with fear and the acute pain in her foot, but clasped her pistol with a firm resolve to use it if necessary, and then strove to arise. But she fell back again, and with the utmost difficulty suppressed a groan of agony. There was nothing for it but to remain silent, and to call aloud to her lover, should he come. Fortunately she could command a view of the outlaw from where she lay.

Slowly the minutes rolled along, each one seeming an age to Maggie, and then she heard the faint clink of steel-shod hoofs! And Tom Naughton was preparing for his dark work; and the young ranger was approaching. Then the sounds drew nearer, and Maggie raised her voice and shrieked loudly:

"Back, Eben—back! They will murder you!"

But the sound of her voice had a twofold effect. She heard the answering cry from her lover, and knew that he had recognized her voice—that he was spurring madly forward. And the outlaw, enraged to madness, sprang toward her with a bitter curse. Maggie distinguished the faint glimmer of steel, and saw his strong right arm uplifted to deal the quieting blow, and with the instinct of self-preservation, she raised her right hand and touched the trigger.

With a wild yell of agony, the brutal outlaw staggered back with one hand clapping his shattered jaw, and in his blind agony disappeared over the edge of the cliff. One short cry and then a heavy thud, and all was over.

By the momentary flash Eben Stout had recognized the form of his love, and leaping from his horse, rushed forward and clasped her to his heart. In broken tones Maggie related the events of that fearful night, and then, as her ankle appeared to be broken, he raised her in his arms, and mounting his well-trained horse, rode at a gentle pace down the trail.

Suddenly he paused, for he distinguished the sound of another horseman approaching, and then, when a dusky figure could be seen, a well-known voice called out:

"Is that you, Tom? Have you done it?"
"No, murderer, your tool is dead!" shouted Eben, springing forward.

With a cry of rage and alarm, the Tory jerked his horse's head around and strove to flee. But his doom was sealed. This animal stumbled and fell, rolling upon the rider, and then, as it strove desperately to rise, both slid from the trail and disappeared over the frightful precipice. In vain the two lovers strove to shut out the horrible death-shriek, by placing their hands over their ears. It haunted them for days afterward.

There is but little more to add. Maggie's injury proved to be merely a sprain, and in after years, when the war was ended, she became the bride of him for whom she had done so much to save him from his plotting.

The two bodies were found, but their deaths were never inquired into, and for years were a mystery.

What Becky Saw.

BY VIRGINIA RHODES TORREY.

JOHN was going to the city—only to be gone for a week, to be sure, but Becky Hill told him, as he stood with his arm around her plump little waist, on the eve of the night before his departure, that it would seem more like a month to her; and then laid her curly head on his shoulder to hide two tear-drops that were slowly finding their way down her cheeks.

John smiled as he stroked the nestling head, well-pleased at this evidence of his lady-love's attachment. Then he kissed away the tears with a lover's privilege, and wouldn't say good-by until she smiled again.

Becky was roused from her slumbers the next morning, by a loud knock at the door, and her father's voice calling to her:

"Becky, if you'd like to see that feller of yours off, hurry and dress. I've got to go down to the depot with grain, and I thought maybe you'd like to go along. You'll have to be spry if you want to catch the train."

"All right, father! I'll be down in a minute." And brighter from the prospect of seeing John again, before he started, Becky made a hurried toilette, ate a still more hurried breakfast, and in half an hour from the time she got out of bed she climbed into the old farm-wagon, and seated herself at her father's side, with a smiling face, and a happy, expectant look in her bright eyes.

"We ain't got cunny too much time," farmer Hill made remark, as the old horse trotted off obediently, to the familiar, "Gee up, Prince!" It was a five miles' drive to the station, but with an occasional admonitory, "Step lively, old fellow!" and a touch of the whip now and then judiciously applied, they made good time, and reached there just as the long train of cars rolled up.

There was the usual rush and confusion as Becky, with an, "I'm afraid you won't

see him," from the old gentleman, hurried through the station, and out on the platform. She caught sight of John near the door, and her face beamed with gratification, as she thought how nice it would be to surprise him, for he would never look for her there.

But she was doomed to disappointment, for John, intent, as were the others, upon securing a seat, made all possible speed for the cars, and Becky had to swallow her disappointment as best she might, as her lover disappeared.

She caught sight of him again. But, heavens! Could that be John?—her John, who only last night told her how he loved her? And the cheeks a moment ago so rosy, lost all their color, as, through the car window, she saw him stoop over, and, before everybody, kiss the lips of a beautiful girl near the window, while a flush of pleasure swept over his face.

She couldn't have gone away if she wanted to, but stood rooted to the spot, as he took the vacant seat at the side of her rival, and leaned toward her in a familiar, loving manner, at least Becky thought it such, and of course she ought to know.

Presently he looked out the window, and his eyes fell directly on her face. From where she stood, she could see his start, and fixed stare of amazement. Then he rose, and deliberately left the window, without even so much as a nod of recognition toward her. Poor Becky! That last was too much, and with a mist before her eyes that would not let her see plainly, she started off to find her father. He stood outside, talking to a friend, but he left him as soon as he caught sight of her.

Just then that puff puffs of the engine showed that the train was again in motion; but it made no difference to her now, how fast, nor how far it bore John away, since he was no longer any thing to her.

"What's the reason you didn't wait to see the train off, Becky? Didn't you find John?" Both of which queries the old man made looking straight at her.

It was hard to appear undisturbed, but she did so.

"I just caught sight of him as he was hurrying to the cars; and I didn't care to wait and see the train off."

"Well, jump in, little gal. I'm sorry you were disappointed," and in a moment more Prince was again in motion, bearing homeward a much sadder heart than he bore away.

That was the longest, the loneliest and the saddest week in Becky Hill's eighteen years of life, and the brown eyes almost drowned themselves in tears before its close. John had sent her a letter in the mean time. It lay up in her bedroom, its bed, manly superscription upturned to the light, but, alas! its seal unbroken. She would notice nothing from a man who had so grossly trifled with her affections. And yet poor Becky would cry harder than ever, every time she caught sight of it lying there as if pleading to be noticed.

She was all in a tremor of excitement, when the day on which John was expected home, rolled round. She said to herself over and over again, that she didn't believe he would have the face to call on her; but she would be prepared, by inviting Amos Lane, whom she had come across somewhere, to call on her, that evening.

Now, Amos was an old flame of Becky's, and had always looked upon John as a trespasser on his rights; and so, when Becky invited him so cordially to come and see her, he took fresh heart, and got himself up in grand style for the occasion, thinking that perhaps there was some chance for him yet.

When the evening arrived, he presented himself before her, and bowed and smirked, and uttered all kinds of nonsense for her edification. And when John came, for come he did, and looking like every thing but a guilty lover, he found some one there before him; but, hiding his disappointment and vexation as best he could, he waited for Lane to go.

He wondered at Becky's interest in, and apparent enjoyment of Amos' society; and wondered still more at her evident coldness to him. Would this fellow never go! And John fretted and fumed inwardly at his stupidity, little dreaming that Becky had a hand in it.

Amos, thinking his society was the most desirable, was in no hurry to leave; and John, having every reason for knowing his was, wouldn't go until he had a talk in private with Becky. And so the two tried to sit each other out, until even Becky grew restless.

Amos gave in first, however, and John's heart leaped when he rose to take his departure. Becky saw him to the door, and then came back to the room, with her heart in her throat, and yet determined to be very brave.

"My little darling!" and John stood awaiting her, with outstretched arms.

"Excuse me, sir!" and Becky quietly evaded his clasp.

"Sir! Why, Becky, what do you mean? Have I done any thing to make you angry? I didn't get my letter?" He asked that, thinking perhaps that was the trouble.

"Yes! It lies up-stairs, now, unopened. Do you wish it?"

One moment he stood still in amazement, and then turned his eyes upon her with a look of pain and reproach, such as she had never seen in them before. She could not stand that, and her face flushed hotly, and a few tears dropped from under the drooping lids.

"Something is the trouble. Will you not tell me what it is?" and, unheeding her faint resistance, he held her, closely gathered in his arms.

She sobbed aloud then, telling him of the kiss to which she had been a witness, for she could believe nothing wrong of him when he talked and held her that way.

He laughed heartily when she had finished.

"Why, you silly little darling, that was Julia Reed—the dearest cousin in the world. I spent half my life at her home. So you were jealous of a fellow who has one husband already?" and, as if the idea was too funny, he again gave way to laughter.

"What made you run away for when you saw me?" she asked, at last, in the midst of smiles.

"Run away from you! I ran after you, instead, and like to have missed the train by it, for, while I was looking for you, the whistle blew, and I had to scamper, I can tell you. Are all the doubts gone now?" he asked playfully, as he gave her chin a mischievous pinch.

"Yes, John!" and her eyes looked eloquently into his. "I am ashamed of the wicked things I have thought against you all this week, and I have made up my mind that if ever I doubt you again, it will not be upon the evidence of my eyes alone."

That Nose.

BY R. FORBES STURGIS.

"THAT's a nose yer may call a nose!" exclaimed a little ragged urchin, who carried a pile of papers under his arm, as he passed where I sat in the waiting-room of the depot. Two young men near by smiled aloud. That was the finishing touch. I dropped my veil down over my face, and looked out of the window, mentally wishing that I was home again.

"Why was I created with such a nose?" I asked myself. "It has been the bane of my life ever since I was born!" When I was a child people used to wonder "where my nose was taking that girl," and when I went to school it was the butt of all sorts of ill-mannered and frequently ill-natured jests and puns. Since then I had shut myself up like a hermit. I would not even go to church, and seldom ventured out upon the street, except when closely veiled.

Now, a school friend, who had been my faithful ally, had requested my presence at her wedding, and would not listen to any apologies. She had invited me to act as bridesmaid, but that proposal I instantly rejected. "The bride must be the center of attraction on such a memorable occasion," I wrote in response, "and my nose would seriously interfere with that arrangement. It would attract every eye to itself."

And now that I was fairly on my journey, my torture had commenced. Every one gave a fling at "that nose!"

In no enviable state of mind I arrived at my destination. My friend ran out to meet me. She embraced me warmly, and kissed me a dozen times, as she led me to the cosy little chamber which I was to share with her.

"I reserved half my bed for you, specially," she said, "and the other girls are dreadfully jealous. I was determined to have you to myself a little while, anyway, before—" and she blushed crimson.

"Before somebody else claims you," I said.

Two hours later I went down to the parlors where a bevy of ladies and gentlemen were collected. Part of the girls were my old schoolmates. They sprung up to meet me.

"Oh, Josie! I verily believe your nose has grown," cried one, and I joined in the general outburst of laughter which followed, to best hide my mortified feelings.

"Never mind that madcap," Nell whispered to me; "she did not intend to wound you."

"I'm sure I don't know who will beau Josie round," I overheard one of the girls whisper to another, a little later. "All the gentlemen are appropriated but Bertie Carlyn, and he is too fastidious to look at such a nose!"

I wondered who Bertie Carlyn was, I had heard so much of him, as I inwardly resolved that the gentleman would not be troubled by my nose.

He came at last. I was presented to him. What was my amazement to recognize in him one of the two young men in the depot. A smile dimpled around his lips. I knew he was echoing that little wretch's:

"That's a nose yer may call a nose!" and I turned away.

Day after day he attempted to become friends with me, but I repelled all advances. To make matters worse, I casually overheard a gentleman "running" him on his persistence, ending with:

"I shall yet see Josie Westervelt Mrs. Carlyn!"

"What," returned Carlyn, lightly, "with that nose and all? Nonsense! I ain't brave enough; I am a constitutional coward."

After that I avoided him more carefully. The days rolled past, and the rest of the party seemed almost too joyous. The old house rung with their laughter and the flying of their feet.

One day a number of us were down on the beach bathing. Suddenly some one cried out, in alarm:

"What has become of Bertie?"

We all looked around. He was missing. An instant later he arose on the face of the water. Every one seemed paralyzed. Bertie must drown, for the tide was rapidly drifting him out to the ocean. A strange feeling awoke in my heart. I knew, if Bertie was lost, my life would be cheerless; I struck out toward him.

"Don't go, Josie, don't go," I heard Nell scream, but I did not heed her.

It was a fearful struggle that I had with the waves; and, as I reached the spot, he sunk again. An instant later he arose, for the last time. I grasped him, and I struggled toward the shore. Would I ever reach it? One, two, three strokes. I was nearing the bank when I knew no more!

Late one day I awoke to consciousness. For a moment I was bewildered. Then the past flashed back upon my memory.

"Did I save him?" I asked.

"Yes," was the response, "but almost with the loss of your own life." I closed my eyes. He was safe; I cared for nothing else. When I awoke again, Bertie was beside me. Hot tears fell on my face from his eyes as he lifted up my thin, transparent hand and looked at it.

"I was afraid you would die," he said, softly, "and I should have felt like a murderer. You have saved my life, and—"

I turned my face to the wall. He stood irresolute a moment and then slowly went out. When I became convalescent he made another attempt to thank me, but I commanded him to be silent. I did not wish to hear more of it. Every one pitied me, but I longed to get away to my quiet home again.

Nellie was married and started on her bridal tour. The guests had all departed, and I too was to go on the morrow. I sat thinking of my homeward journey when Bertie entered unannounced.

"I know I am unwelcome," he observed, "but I can't help it. Josie, I can't have you go away without listening to what I have to say. I love you—will you marry me?"

The hot blood surged to my face.

"You forget yourself," I returned. "You are a constitutional coward. You could not take that nose and all."

He looked abashed.

"You overheard that speech?" he exclaimed, in mortified tones. "Forgive me for the thoughtless rudeness. I can not live without you; Josie, you must forgive me."

"After much persuasion I did forgive, and—now I, that nose and all, am Bertie Carlyn's wife."

Any one with like affliction will please take courage, for "that nose" may win the day.

MY WIFE AND I

BY BENEDICT.

A sky of azure, a bit of heaven,
An hour of bliss to mortal given,
A church, a dainty dress by my side,
A solemn service, a kiss—a bride,
Then thronging friends,
A last good-by—
And so we are married—
My wife and I.

Long hours of rapture, long days of joy,
Time passing unheeded—without alloy,
A tour, where every thing looks its best,
A river in Autumn glory drest;
No thought of trouble,
Nor care, nor sigh,
For we are so happy—
My wife and I.

A slow awaking, as from a dream,
A drifting once more into life-work's stream,
A little respite from toil, and then
The world with its hopes and fears again;
But a home and a love
That shall last for aye,
For now we are settled—
My wife and I.

And as hours vanish in time's quick flight,
And our life's fair morning grows to night,
As evening shadows fall pleasantly,
And our heads are streaked with the silvery gray,
Yet shall love increase
As the days go by;
And we live for each other—
My wife and I.

Strange Stories.

HOB OF TEVIOTSIDE.

A SCOTTISH TALE

BY AGILE PENNE.

"The heather flowers are dark in the hollows of the hills,
Though far along each rocky peak, the sunlight
lingers still."

Down the wooded side of the Lammermuir Hills, a man, young in years and muscular in build, made his way. His dress of Lincoln green, and the horn by his side told that he was following the pleasures of the chase.

The sun slowly sinking in the west warned that the shades of night were near.

The huntsman paused at the base of the hill in the center of a rude road that wound its way by the sea.

"By the Mass!" he cried, "I'll wager a dozen broad crowns that I have lost my way. Here is the sea; and, yonder to the north, my road must be. It does not speak well for the denizens of these woods and rocks that my horse should be spirited away, because I left him for a moment tied to a greenwood tree. For aught I know, I may have stumbled into a moss-trooper's nest. There would be long faces at Stirling Castle if I should be carried a prisoner into the English lair. My road should lie this way. I'll go onward; perhaps I may chance upon those whom I have parted with in the forest."

With a light, swinging step, the young man went on. Hardly had he gone ten paces, ere from the wood that hemmed in the road, came the stern command:

"Halt!"

Then forth from the cover of the trees came a dozen rough fellows, whose warlike garb and manner told that they were bred to the trade of arms.

The stranger cast a rapid glance behind him, as if about to flee, and closed his hand upon the hilt of the long and heavy broadsword that hung by his side. The glance, however, told him that flight was hopeless, for six more fellows, armed and habited like the others, filed into the path behind him.

"Give you good-day, friend," quoth the leader of the men who had lain in ambush, advancing to the stranger. He was tall and stoutly built, with a clear blue eye and a yellow beard.

"What seek you in this section?" If I mistake not, you are a stranger. Lay not your hand upon your sword. We seek not to do you harm. Who are you?"

"First, answer me one question," said the stranger, in reply. "Are you in the service of James of Scotland?"

"Yes," replied the other.

With a nimble bound the stranger placed his back against a tree, and flashed the bright broadsword from its sheath.

"Then you must take me dead; never living!" the man at bay cried, defiantly.

"You cry loudly, my master," said the leader of the warlike band. "Your name, so that we may know whether you are a foe to Scotland's king or no." And as he spoke a shrewd smile was on his face.

"Men call me Hob of Teviotside. I would not deny my name were you James himself!" the stranger said.

"The moss-trooper!" exclaimed the other, in surprise. And the soldiers looked at the stalwart figure of the stranger in wonder.

"So men call me."

"I've heard of you; but sheath your sword. We owe no homage to James of Scotland," he called John Kennedy, and follow the lead of English Will.

The name of English Will, otherwise called William Brotherton, was well known to the stranger. He was one of the worst of the English marauders who took advantage of the almost constant war existing between England and Scotland to improve his own worldly goods at the expense of the Scots living near the border.

"You have nothing to fear; dog eats not dog, and the English moss-trooper does not prey upon his Scottish brother," Kennedy said; "but what brings you to the Lammermuir Hills and alone?"

"Myself and hard fortune have been bosom friends lately," replied Hob, with a sigh. "The lord of Graham gave myself and men a sound drubbing a week ago at Stillwayburn, and since that time, the king's men have hunted me down, until at last not a single trooper remains to back my quarrel."

"Join our band then. We need stout men-at-arms like yourself. Good swords are not over plenty. And if you seek revenge on the Graham, ere nightfall you shall have it."

"Ah! how?" questioned Hob.

"A fair sprig of the house of Graham lives in the tower of Carkirk, just round yonder point. Our leader, English Will, has been charmed by the beauties of fair Anne Graham, and within an hour we mean to seize the tower and bear off the girl. The place is but poorly guarded, and the capture will be easy."

"I'll bear you company," said Hob, after thinking the matter over for a moment.

"Good," we expect English Will back every moment to give the order for the attack."

And even as Kennedy spoke, the leader of the outlaws came around the bend in the road.

"Whom have we here?" the Englishman asked, as he looked upon the moss-trooper.

Kennedy explained.

"You are welcome, Hob!" cried English Will. "Your fame has crossed the border, and many an English lord curses the hour when you raided on his lands. Where are the horses, Kennedy?"

"Close at hand in the thicket. I have added to the number, for an hour ago I found a gray steed tied within the forest, as fine a beast as ever man backed."

"By St. Andrew! you have captured my horse, comrade!" exclaimed Hob. "I lost my gray steed in the thicket."

"Tis yours again; we rob not our friends," said Kennedy.

"Let one man remain with the horses; the rest with me will surprise the Tower!" cried the Englishman.

The party proceeded on their way. Keeping within the shelter of the wood, they approached as near to the grim old tower that stood by the sea, as they could without betraying their presence to the warden at the gate.

Then one of the troopers, who was disguised in a rough plowman's garb, sallied forth from the wood, and, approaching the warden of the castle, engaged him in conversation.

The unsuspecting Scot, not dreaming of danger, readily gave the information that the stranger asked. Then suddenly the Englishman seized the warden by the throat. Forth poured the outlaws from the wood, and, ere the soldiers of the castle realized that they were attacked, English Will and his followers had won the portal.

The struggle was short. The Scots, outnumbered, made but a feeble resistance, and soon the Tower of Carkirk and its inmates were at the mercy of the marauders.

In the grand hall of the castle stood the fair girl, Anne Graham, pale with terror, clinging to the breast of her aged father.

"Why do you come with weapons of war in your hands in time of peace?" asked the old laird.

"I love your daughter, Anne," replied English Will. "I would have her to wife, and, as the only way to win her, I use the strong arm of power."

"When Scotland's king hears of this outrage, dearly will you me it!" cried the laird, in anger.

"Then he must seek me across the English border, and many a glittering spear must he bring in his train," replied English Will, laughing scornfully.

"But come; to horse and away!"

Soon the outlaws were mounted. In spite of the tears of the hapless maid, in spite of the angry wrath of the aged father, Anne was borne away by the troopers.

The gray steed of Hob—a creature of matchless strength and beauty—bore the captive girl and the moss-trooper.

In the saddle, English Will gave the command, "forward," when, like an arrow from a bow, from out of the throng, shot the gray charger with its double burden.

Away up the road leading to the north went the steed at a headlong pace. Hob, in the saddle, held the light form of Anne in his arms.

In rage, the outlaws, headed by English Will, gave chase to the fugitives.

"Curses upon the traitor!" cried the Englishman. "By St. George, I swear, I'll flay him alive when he falls into my hands."

"He may escape us!" cried Kennedy, as he rode furiously onward by his leader's side.

"It is hardly possible, though his horse is a noble one, far better than any of ours; but the steed carries a double load. We must win in the end."

On went the chase. Fast went the gray steed, and fast the troopers followed. But, little by little, the moss-trooper drew away from his pursuers.

The Englishmen perceived it, and strove to increase their pace. The heavy spurs dug into the heaving flanks; the horses were urged to their topmost speed.

A single glance the moss-trooper gave at the foe behind who pressed him so closely. Then to his lips he drew the hunting-horn that hung by his side. The shrill notes woke the echoes of the surrounding hills.

"Do you hear that?" cried Kennedy. "He has wound his horn for assistance; he may have friends at hand."

"Tush!" exclaimed English Will, in anger. "Tis but a device on his part to frighten us from the chase. 'Twill not answer, though."

The horses of the pursuers began to flag; the pace was telling upon them; but the gray charger, despite its double load, still held its own, and galloped on as swiftly as at first.

With an oath the Englishman noted that he was losing ground.

"Dismount, Long John!" he cried, to one of his men who bore a long bow at his back and a quiver of arrows at his side; "try me a gray-goose shaft on yonder horse. A murrain on thy hand if thou canst not bring him down!"

Lightly the archer leaped from his horse, fitted an arrow to his bow and drew it to his shoulder. The twang of the bow-string rung sharply on the air. The shaft whistled along in its flight. The horse, turning a slight angle in the wood, presented a fair mark. The arrow passed through the steed, just behind the shoulder. The horse faltered, fell upon his knees, and then rolled over on his side, dead.

A cry of joy went up from the marauders. As the horse fell, the Scot had leaped nimbly from the saddle, still bearing the girl in his arms, and gained the ground unhurt.

Like birds of prey the Englishmen came onward to their victims.

But, round the angle of the crooked road came a large troop of Scottish horsemen, wearing the royal colors. Bright flashed the steel in the air as the northern broadswords leaped from their sheaths.

The marauders, amazed, wheeled their horses quickly around and sought safety in flight. The pursuers became the pursued.

The Scots dashed on after the retreating foe.

Nearly all of the Englishmen escaped by forsaking their horses and finding shelter in the wood; but English Will, John Kennedy and a few more were taken prisoners.

"A blight upon the hand of thy foul knave who with his shaft has slain the best steed that ever felt the press of a Scot's knee!" cried the man who had called himself Hob of Teviotside.

The Englishmen looked upon the speaker in astonishment. From the respect paid to him by the Scots, they guessed that "Hob" was a noble of rank. A sudden light broke upon Will.

"We have been tricked, then; you are no moss-trooper!"

"No, by the grace of heaven, I am James, King of Scotland!" replied the pretended moss-trooper, laughing.

Many a long day in Stirling Tower the marauders rued the hour when they met the Scottish king in disguise amid the Lammermuir Hills, and with him raided on the Tower of Carkirk. And Anne Graham never forgot to pray for good King James, who saved her from English Will.

THAT face is the noblest that beams brightest with benevolence, that hand the most beautiful from which benefits and favors and gifts are continually falling.



THE HUNTED HEIRESS.

The Hunted Heiress.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

THE scene was enough to rouse the righteous indignation of any man.

In an old-fashioned and scantily furnished room in a southern planter's dwelling, the scene referred to was being enacted.

Seated upon the floor, with bowed head and raven locks almost touching the rough planks, was a beautiful girl, apparently eighteen years of age.

Above her stood a man old enough to have been her father. A cloud of anger had settled upon his face, and he gazed down upon the abject creature with a scowl. His arms were folded upon his bosom, and one of his hands grasped the handle of a cat-o'-nine-tails, whose lashes dangled at his side.

It was evident, from the situation, that he intended to apply the torture to the back of the girl, if he had not done so already.

Nothing broke the silence that brooded over the spirited tableau, save the crackling of the flames in the antique hearth.

"The man cried, 'or—' and he raised the 'cat' menacingly over the unprotected head."

"Uncle," came a trembling voice from beneath tear-wet hands, "uncle Joshua, I do not love Hart, your son."

"That does not answer my question," he said, more maddened than ever. "I asked you if you would consent to become my son's wife. Now answer that question. Another equivocal sentence will cause this 'cat' to glint itself with your blood."

A deep silence of several minutes' duration followed the planter's threat, the girl raised her head and said, in a voice entirely bereft of hope:

"If forced to it, I will become the unloving wife of your son."

A triumphant smile flitted across the planter's countenance, and he tenderly assisted his ward to her feet.

"Your last action was a womanly one," he said. "You and Hart will get along famously. I could never see any cause for people say you were born for each other. Now go to your room, child, and prepare for the wedding, which shall take place a week from to-night."

Joshua Blaker hurried away as he ceased to speak, and Naomi glided from the damp apartment and sought her own chamber.

She was, as the reader has doubtless discovered, the planter's niece. Eight years prior to the opening of our story her father, dying, left her in the guardianship of his elder brother, Joshua. He bequeathed to her one of the finest estates in Alabama, which was to be placed at her disposal upon her reaching her nineteenth year.

Joshua Blaker was an artful man; and he resolved to wed his son to the heiress. To such a degree did he nourish the plan, he determined to accomplish it by foul means if fair ones failed.

At Ralph Blaker's death Joshua found himself a suspected man—suspected of hurrying his younger and only brother to the tomb. But, he adroitly managed to disarm general suspicion, and at last the evil whippers died away altogether.

If the planter was a criminal, the secret remained locked in his own bosom.

Hart Blaker, the planter's son, to all outward appearances, cared but little for his cousin. It was apparent to the most casual observer that he had already given his heart to another. But he dared not brook his father's anger, and mildly submitted to the fate seemingly in store for him.

At length the wedding-night arrived. The mansion was thronged with merry guests, and at last nothing was wanting to complete the happiness of all but the appearance of the bride.

Why tarried she in her chamber? The planter could not curb his impatience. A servant was dispatched to Naomi's room, and soon returned, declaring it tenantless.

With an oath upon his lips, Joshua Blaker bounded up the steps. He dashed open the door of his ward's chamber, and found himself staring at the matchless wedding tresses scattered over the floor.

"Outwitted!" he groaned, and soon reappeared to the guests.

"She's run off!" he cried, clenching his hands. "Pompey, saddle Olypsso. Quick! or I'll kill you," he cried to the stable coachman. "Gentlemen, you are at liberty to retire; the ladies also. The ceremony is indefinitely postponed. But it will take place ere long."

A minute later, he vaulted upon the back of his favorite steed, and galloped off toward Tusculumbia. Alas! for him; he arrived too late. The train had departed, bearing Naomi beyond the reach of his vengeance.

Baffled and in angry mood, he returned. The guests were enjoying themselves in the mazes of the dance, led by Hart, who inwardly rejoiced over Naomi's escape.

The planter stood in the doorway, regarded the dancers a moment, with a frown, and then went sullenly to bed.

"I will not not surrender her. She came to my house and craved my protection, which I was not loth to give."

Joshua Blaker gnashed his teeth with very rage.

After a fortnight of untiring vigilance he had discovered his fugitive ward to be an inmate of Abel Knowles' dwelling. Thither he proceeded with haste, and demanded her return. He received the reply recorded above.

Abel Knowles hated Joshua Blaker, who suspected that Naomi loved his youngest son.

"You will not surrender your prisoner, then?"

"I have told you as much in language too plain to be misunderstood," was the quiet rejoinder.

"Then, by Heaven! I'll come and take her," and with this outbreak of passion, he turned Olypsso's head toward Pleasurewood, his picturesque plantation.

One evening, a week later, he halted before his enemy's mansion, at the head of twenty rough Mississippi boatmen, whom he had armed and mounted.

Abel Knowles was summoned to the door. "I have returned," said Joshua, "but not alone," and he waved his hand toward his hired cut-throats. "Do you still persist in your refusal to surrender my niece?"

"I do, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Then I shall resort to force. Within the hour, Abel Knowles, you shall have the horror of seeing your dwelling in flames."

"You can not intimidate me," said Knowles, firmly. "I will never surrender Burton's bride into your hands."

"What do you mean by 'Burton's bride'?" I am unable to comprehend you, sir."

"If my information was obscure I will make it plainer. This morning, Naomi, your niece, wedded my son, Burton, to whom she had been betrothed. There, do you comprehend me now?"

The intelligence staggered Joshua Blaker, and he was about to command his ruffians to fire upon the building, when his son's voice fell upon his ears.

"Father," Hart said, "I beg of you to withhold the command you are about to give. It would be your death-warrant. Ten rifles cover your heart, and the majority of your band would bite the dust the first volley. I never loved Naomi, save as a cousin. I came hither last night to see her wedded to the man she loves. I have long loved Ethel

Graham of Tusculumbia, and to-morrow is my wedding-day. You may dishonor me if you wish; I love Ethel better than your riches. Now, father, take a son's advice and depart peaceably."

Without uttering an audible word Joshua Blaker obeyed, and rode away at the head of his band.

The following day Hart led the belle of Tusculumbia to the altar, and received a command from his father never to enter the parental mansion during the owner's lifetime.

That period, however, was of short duration, for a year after the wedding the planter was carried to his tomb. But he died at peace with the world, blessing his niece and son.

And to-day a happier old couple can not be found in the State of Alabama than Burton Knowles and his wife, once the planter's prisoner.

Only a Love Story.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

"I'll not have another word to say on the subject. I have given you my views on the subject, and now I wash my hands of the whole affair."

And Mr. Lancing, a slightly-irascible old gentleman, whose hair was of the stubbornest iron-gray, whose eyes matched it in color, and whose mouth agreed in character, leaned back in his chair, his elbows on its arms, his finger-tips all joining each other.

It was a remarkably pleasant room—this dining-room of the Lancing family, furnished in oak and green, with a jolly fire burning in the grate, and a cheerful canary warbling in the sunny bay-window, where flowers bloomed in tiers, and a large aquaria sifted and diffused the sun-rays before they streamed through the water on the Turkish carpet.

A very conscious-looking room, that bespoke the fat condition of the Lancing finances, and Frank Burcliff, as he stood leaning against the veined marbleized slate mantel, his handsome, wavy hair brushing against Kate Lancing's favorite pink Sevres vase, wondered to himself if he ever could offer such a home to Kate—pretty, bonny-haired Kate—for whose hand he had just asked the father, and had just been—well, not exactly rejected, but very indifferently repulsed, it seemed to him.

Mr. Lancing had asked him his income, and been promptly told fifteen hundred a year, with sure promise of preferment if he married. Mr. Lancing had "humphed" at the first, and sneered at the latter information; then, when Frank had boldly explained that he and Kate really wanted to try to get along on that "paltry starvation sum" (as the old gentleman called his salary), and told him Mrs. Lancing had approved of their marriage to Kate, he had made the remark with which the scene opens. Then Frank had frowned.

"But that is a strange way to settle the affair, Mr. Lancing. I neither know whether I am to take or leave her."

Visions of Mrs. Lancing's consent came dancing before the *pere's* eyes; it was to be just as she said, of course, for had ever anything been done contrariwise to Mrs. Lancing's wishes that brought him any comfort?

So he shuffled off all the responsibility, with as much dignity as was compatible with the knowledge that he had to let Frank have his oldest girl, whether or no.

And Frank, after dispatching a little message to Kate that he would be "up" that evening, went back to the stylish office of Trauvels & Co.'s mammoth emporium, picturing to himself a delightful little cottage in the suburbs of Brooklyn, and Kate the fair attraction.

"Coming to-night again? I wish he'd learn that a lover is not *always* wanted to be poking about."

Pretty Kate Lancing drew her forehead up in a perfect labyrinth of wrinkles, and patted her No. 2 slippered foot very vexedly on the footstool under it.

"Why, Nell, you stand there in the most horror-stricken attitude, as if I had just declared my intention of murdering Frank Burcliff."

Nell Havens half laughed at Kate's spirited manner; then a serious, even reproving look spread over her face.

"You talk wrongly of Mr. Burcliff, I think, Katie. In my estimation, one's betrothed lover can never come too often. Why, if you get tired of him evenings alone, how do you expect to pass a lifetime with him?"

Kate shrugged her shoulders.

"I hardly anticipate being doomed to his exclusive society a lifetime, Nell. As it is, I'm sometimes half inclined to break the engagement, anyhow."

"Don't you love him, Kate?"

Nell's earnest eyes were making Kate not a little ill-at-ease, but Nell Havens was a girl who was perfect in principle, and who would not hesitate a second in telling her pretty, trifling cousin just wherein she thought she came short. Not in any superior, boasting way, but in a straightforward, honest manner that, while it vexed Kate to hear, convinced her against her will.

She asked Kate the simple test-question very kindly:

"Do you love him?"

And Kate drew up her graceful shoulders and slightly curled her red lip.

"Y-e-s, I suppose I do. I think any girl would fancy a man as fine-looking and educated as Frank Burcliff. So far as *that's* concerned, I could love anybody."

"Kate Lancing!"

And Nell's strong, indignant voice brought a guilty blush to her cousin's face.

"I won't be lectured now, so there, Nell Havens! You can go to Frank himself, and tell him how bold you are in his favor. Perhaps he will transfer his affections and his fifteen hundred a year to you."

A vivid scarlet sprung to Nell's face—not a pretty face it was, but a sweet, womanly one that made you feel it was a good thing to have it bent over you in sympathy or friendship—just such a face as men knew only went with a grand life and a great heart.

But she answered very quietly.

"I think your secret is, that Frank is not a rich man, Kate. But if you really do not love him above all else, I would advise you to tell him so. Mrs. Lancing, am I right?"

The lady had just entered the room in time to hear Nell's words.

"Of course if Kate has discovered she don't like him, she shan't sacrifice herself

or him. But, it's a very sudden idea, isn't it?"

She looked sharply at her daughter over her gold-rimmed glasses.

"Frank's a favorite of mine, you know very well, Kate; and you would go further and fare worse than to take him and his salary. You know that."

Kate bridled at the decisive language. "I wish you'd let me alone, mother! You'll drive me to hating him yet."

That night, when Frank Burcliff came to tell Kate all his plans, he was met in the parlor by Nell Havens, who, in her own sweet, tender way explained that Kate felt it her duty to dissolve the engagement. She proffered her sympathy; added a word or two of staunch advice, and bade him Godspeed.

He was dreadfully cut up about it at first, and abruptly severed his connection with his employers and went—no one knew where.

It is almost incredible what a difference seven years can make in some women, while to others, they only add maturer beauty and style. You would hardly have known Kate Lancing, that cold January day, as she sat by her fire in her gorgeous apartment, attired in a robe de chambre of richest amethyst-hued silk, jewels gleaming on her fingers, and every sign of wealth strewn about her.

Those seven years to her fickle, impatient disposition had added the most fretful peevishness; and her bright, nervous face, that, in the days when Frank Burcliff had known her, had been all afish and radiant, was now all ashen and mournful-looking.

But, she was a very rich woman at twenty-seven; her father had made a lucky speculation six months before he died, that had left her the heiress of seventy thousand dollars. Her mother had died shortly after, and she and her cousin Nell, to whom she turned in her loneliness, were living in the elegant mansion.

She had had lovers, scores of them; old and young, rich and poor, handsome and ugly, but she eyed them all with suspicious distrust. It was her money, she told Nell, fretfully, and not her, they wanted; and Nell did not tell her of her wanting money herself in the bygone years, and not Frank Burcliff.

Somewhat Nell never had forgotten the handsome, refined fellow, and all too often for her peace of mind she found herself wondering where he was; if he was married; if he would ever come back again, and—she never finished the interrogatory, even in thought.

I think Kate Lancing often thought of him, too, in those days when she learned that it was not money alone that constituted happiness, but she seldom mentioned him, Nell never.

But they had their dreams, both these women, whom fate had reserved for a life so different from most women's. One, so unlovable; one, so purely womanly, and both elected to love this man.

Kate had repented, in the bitterest ashes of remorse, that she had cast him from her, and, but for the hope that would not be quenched, away down in her heart, that he must remember, and must come back one day from his wanderings and make it all up again, I think she never could have endured those seven years of gilded misery.

So she watched and waited, while Nell dreamed of the way he had wrong her hand that parting day so long ago, and blessed her for her loving kindness in softening the blow to him. She loved him so, that she was sure she would not be suffered to go on all her life unrewarded.

The awakening was very sharply sudden; very commonplace, and yet no one but those who have felt the anguish such a blow can impart, can appreciate the feeling of those two women, when, one bright spring day, they saw only a simple announcement in the daily paper, copied from some Western one, that Frank Burcliff was married to some strange girl away out in Minnesota.

It would have been pleasure to either of them to have learned he was dead, compared to the knowledge that he cared for some one else.

And they locked their secrets in their hearts, those two widely-different women, and took up their life again, with no change save the knowledge that there was nothing to look forward to.

Was He Fooled?

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

"WELL, I declare, if this isn't awful!" exclaimed Sarah Platt, looking up from the letter she had just finished. "I don't see what in the world gets into people."

"My dear Sarah, what is the matter?" inquired her sister Anna, with a comic elevation of her pretty eyebrows; "has Mrs. Tracy spoiled your dress, or have you had a proposal of marriage from John, the gardener? or what dreadful thing has happened?"

"I dare say you're silly enough to be glad," was a very amiable reply; "our cousin Ralph is coming to make us a visit! He's been to college," he writes, "and has got some learning," and now he's coming to comply with our invitation, that summer we spent there. Oh! what a precious fool I was! I never would have asked him if I had thought there was the slightest danger of his ever accepting our invitation! An awkward, clumsy, country boor!"

"Now, Sarah, you ought to be ashamed, to talk so of our good cousin!" exclaimed Anna, her blue eyes flashing spitefully. "To be sure, he was rather awkward, but as to being boorish, he was nothing of the sort, and his promptness and reliance in all matters of danger spoke well for his courage and nobleness of heart. I never expected to hear such words from your lips, Sarah, since, during our short stay there, he twice saved your life at imminent risk to his own!"

"Oh, well, it was his duty to," said Sarah, carelessly. "The privilege of rescuing me was sufficient reward for him; and 'I'm sure,' she added, with complacent vanity, "my loss would have been felt much more than his. But as you seem inclined to rehearse his numerous perfections, I'll leave you to the agreeable occupation, and consult mamma about this unexpected favor!" and she left the room, while Anna returned to the book she had been reading.

An hour or so passed, and Anna was at length aroused from her book by the sound of the door-bell, and the next moment she heard footsteps in the hall. She waited for a little while in silence, then, hearing no further sound, she opened the library door, and stepped softly into the hall.

A young man stood there, nervously twirling his hat in his hands, and gazing around him in apparent admiration. He was dressed in a plain though neat suit, and his face, the features of which were remarkably handsome when they came to be scrutinized closely, was partly hidden by a sandy beard and whiskers.

As soon as Anna saw who it was, she came toward him with a pleased smile lighting up her pretty face, and held out her hand with frank cordiality.

"Good-afternoon, cousin Ralph!" she exclaimed; "I am real glad to see you! I thought you had quite forgotten us!" "Oh, no, no!" replied the young man, earnestly. "And this is cousin Anna, is it not?" he added, taking the small hand in his own; "little cousin Anna, whom I taught to ride!"

"Yes," replied Anna, smiling; "but come into the parlor; you must be tired, and I will tell mamma and Sarah," and after ushering him into the parlor, she tripped lightly off, returning with them in a few moments.

Mrs. Platt shook hands, and asked languidly after his family, while Sarah gave him a slight, indifferent nod, and then swept grandly to a seat, while Ralph gazed after her in evident admiration.

The evening passed pleasantly. Ralph, although somewhat awkward, conversed quite readily upon several topics, keeping his gaze directed toward Sarah as though captivated by her beauty; a fact which she was not slow to notice, and which pleased her greatly; for she was quite willing to receive homage, even from him.

When they separated for the night, Anna said to Sarah, as the sisters were left alone: "How pleasant cousin Ralph is! He is a little awkward, but not at all coarse or ungentlemanly; and he seems to be well informed, too. I'm sure, he's vastly improved since five years ago; and I guess you've altered your opinion of him, Sarah, for you were quite polite to him this evening."

"Oh, I have a reason for that," replied Sarah, with a yawn; "he's evidently smitten with me, and I mean to have some fun out of him, since there is no one else around just now. He'll propose to me before long, and then I can show him how nicely I've been fooling him!"

"Do you mean to say, Sarah, that you are going to lead Ralph on to a proposal just to humiliate and mortify him by a refusal?" demanded Anna, indignantly.

"I mean to punish him for his presumption in coming here," replied Sarah, coolly, "and teach him to know his place in future, and not attempt an intimacy with those so far above him as we are!"

"We are not above him!" exclaimed Anna; "he is our relation, and as good as we are, every whit! As for this scheme of yours, I shall tell him—"

"Do, and see how much good it will do you!" interrupted Sarah. "If the man will be a fool, that's his look-out, not yours! And now, if you please, I can dispense with your presence, as I wish to go to bed."

Anna left the room and hastened to her own apartment, highly indignant at her sister's heartlessness, and hoping that Ralph would see through her design, and not subject himself to the mortification of a refusal.

But her hopes seemed destined to fail; for when Sarah came floating down to breakfast the next morning, attired in a tasteful blue wrapper, and extended her hand with charming frankness, Ralph came eagerly forward to meet her, and seemed to have eyes and ears for no one else.

After breakfast, as Sarah rose from the table, she said to Ralph:

"Will you take a walk with me this morning, cousin Ralph? I generally take a stroll after breakfast, and there are some interesting places that I would like to show you."

"With pleasure," replied Ralph; "will Anna come too?"

"I guess not," said Sarah, before Anna could speak; "mamma will need her, and she left the room followed by Ralph, while Anna, greatly disappointed, prepared to assist her mother.

Sarah returned from her walk in about two hours in very good spirits, while Ralph followed her like her shadow. A week passed in this manner, Sarah using all her arts to fascinate Ralph and bring him to a proposal, while Anna, after in vain exhorting with her, nearly cried her poor little eyes out in sympathy for Ralph.

"We are to have some friends here to-morrow evening," said Sarah, one day to Anna, as they were sitting in the library, Ralph for the time being absent; "and I mean to bring him to a proposal to-night so as to have him out of the way by that time, for I wouldn't have them see him for the world. He has behaved tolerably well to be sure, but his clothes and horrid sandy hair are too much. But, there's mother calling you!"

Anna hastened away, her eyes brimming with tears, and as soon as her mother released her, she hastened out doors, and sitting down under a tree, burst into tears.

"Oh, how can she be so wicked!" she sobbed; but just then a shadow crossed the grass, and a voice asked:

"Anna, little cousin, what is the matter?"

Anna raised her eyes and met those of Ralph, who was gazing affectionately upon her.

"What troubles you?" he asked, seating himself beside her and taking her hand.

"I must tell you," exclaimed Anna, after a moment's hesitation; "Sarah is only deceiving you; she—"

"Thinks I am infatuated," finished Ralph; "I knew it, and thought I'd humor her for a while. Anna," he continued, earnestly, "there is one here whom I love; the one who loves me best. Who is that, Anna?"

Anna made no reply, but a tear trembled on her dark lashes.

"Is it not yourself, little one?" he asked, passing his arm round her waist; "Anna, darling, I can call you 'cousin' no longer; my lips can form but one word, 'wife'; may I call you so one day, darling?"

Now, reader, although I was playing the not very proper part of an eavesdropper, I couldn't hear Anna's reply, but it must have been all right, for a moment after they were kissing each other in a manner that seemed to be highly satisfactory to both parties.

"And now," said Ralph, at last, "when does Sarah expect a proposal from me?"

"She intended it to be to-night," laughed Anna.

"Well, I'll gratify her, partly," said Ralph, while a roguish light danced in his eye; "good-by pet, for the present," and after another series of "lovers' exchanges," he released her and entered the house and parlor where Sarah was occupied with a book.

"Cousin Sarah," he said, seating himself at her feet. "I came to tell you something which has been on my mind for some time. Will you hear it?"

"Yes, Ralph," replied Sarah, sweetly, inwardly exulting at having fooled her cousin.

"Well, cousin," continued Ralph, hesitating a little, "I have been so charmed with your beauty, that I want to make our relationship a closer one. And so—"

"Go on, Ralph," urged Sarah, as he paused.

"I have made you my sister," said Ralph, smiling.

"Your sister!" exclaimed Sarah, entirely taken aback; "how—"

"By asking dear little Anna to be mine," proceeded Ralph, his eyes dancing with mischief; "and I have come for your congratulations, for she has consented."

For a moment Sarah sat speechless; with all her maneuvering, she was the one who had been fooled after all! and as soon as she could recover herself, she sprang from her chair and bounced out of the room without a word, and hastened to find her mother, which, after some little search, she accomplished.

"Isn't it ridiculous, mother!" she exclaimed, after a few moments of angry silence: "Anna has thrown herself away on that ignorant, awkward—"

A step near them made them pause; and glancing up, they saw to their astonishment a tall, elegant gentleman standing in the door.

"Why—why, it's cousin Ralph," exclaimed Anna, darting forward, after a moment's bewildered scrutiny of the stranger's face.

"Of course it is, pet!" exclaimed the young man, laughing, and folding her in his arms; "and now," he continued, turning to Mrs. Platt and Sarah, who stood regarding him in speechless astonishment, "let me explain this little coup of mine. When you last saw me, I was an awkward, comparatively ignorant country youth of nineteen."

But since then I've passed through college, received a good education, and am tolerably presentable," with a laughing glance at the graceful figure reflected from the mirror; "well, having become very much attached to my cousins at the time they visited us, I resolved to see them again and if possible win one for my bride. And in order to see if they would love me as I was, I disguised myself, so as to look as I did five years ago."

I had made my choice," and he lovingly drew Anna to him; "and now I throw off my disguise, having no further need for it."

It would take a volume to contain the various exclamations and questions which greeted our hero as he finished his story. It is needless to say that he remained to the party, turning the heads of half the girls there; and shortly after there was a wedding; but as I was not invited, I can tell you no more about it, so you'll have to finish the rest to suit yourselves.

THE AVENGING ANGELS:

OR,

THE BANDIT BROTHERS OF THE SCIOTO.

A BORDER AND INDIAN TALE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SILENT HUNTER," "QUEEN OF THE WOODS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—CONTINUED.

Toward evening Steve lagged behind.

The trail appeared wonderfully fresh and obvious.

The dog gave a low whine as it woke from its sleep. Steve pointed to the ground. The young officer put the animal down. It sniffed about, ran a little way, lifting its lame leg, and then came running back.

"We are close upon these vagabonds," said Steve. "I thought so. Keep close, cap'n, and let the dog hide. I will stop on."

In about a quarter of an hour Steve returned, not walking, but creeping on his hands and knees through the high grass.

Roland did not see him until he was close.

"Well?"

"Them thieving Shawnees has left a rear-guard, that the squaws and young 'uns may get on quick. We must lie close. If that ere dog barks, we're lost!"

"The dog did not move," Roland mused a few minutes.

"I will leave him here while we advance and watch them," was the reply.

He then placed the dog upon the ground, and, clutching his rifle, led the way along the trail. He had not gone fifty yards before the light of a fire, the smell of roasted flesh, and voices, indicated that they were close to the red-skins.

They were about thirty in number, all warriors of experience, who were busily engaged eating or smoking. One or two, at a small distance from the fire, in the gloom, were watching.

To attack the party was useless—it could but make them run the risk of losing their own lives—but to pass beyond it might be of advantage. Could they get on the trail of the larger body, their march might be unobserved.

"But we must wait for daylight, I suppose," said Roland.

"No," replied Steve: "if it's your idea, cap'n, I'll show you the varmints, it must be when the moon rises."

"I am in your hands," replied Roland.

"Then let's keep out of sight. A glint of that rifle of your'n will bring the hull pack on us."

And Steve, crouching down, crept behind a tree and laid himself down to rest, Roland doing the same.

They were equally glad of repose, and ere many minutes were in a deep sleep.

With a start Roland Edwards awoke, to find Pet licking his face and whining in a very low key. As soon as she found that he was awake the animal ceased, and crouched at his side.

The young officer sat up and looked around. The night was intensely dark. Nor moon nor stars broke the monotony of gloom. In fact there was nothing visible beneath the black arches of the forest but the faint glow of fire round which the Shawnees had reclined.

Roland rose slowly to his feet, keeping close to the tree. He had at once become aware of the absence of Steve, while he felt convinced that the dog had not disturbed him without a motive, the instinct of dumb animals being something truly marvelous.

Still, his senses being at first confused, he could not at once detect whence the alarm had arisen.

He listened. What is that which comes with cautious tread through the grass? It is no animal, but the tread of a human being.

It is not more than twenty yards from him.

The tree near which he stood was one of huge dimensions. Drawing himself close up so as to be quite hidden, Roland remained breathless and anxious, for, as he did so, he heard footsteps on the other side, equally slow, heavy and monotonous.

This was something of a trial to the young man's feelings, which, however, were next minute braced up to their utmost tension when two figures stepped from the deep gloom beyond into such light as always exists close to a watcher at night.

"Is that you?" growled a heavy voice, that thrilled to the heart of the young Avenger.

It was that of Moses Horne, the chief of the Bandits of the Scioto; and he stood close to his hand, not four feet distant, leaning on his rifle.

"I am Carcajou, the Wild Hog," replied the other, in a deep, sullen and guttural tone.

"And a tarnation fine name!" said Mo, laughing.

"My brother speaks loud; the trees have ears. If he would hold council he must speak low. The whispering of the night-gale is better at night than the hoot of the owl."

"Is our presence suspected?"

"The ears of Indians are very sharp. There have been strange sounds in the woods, and my brothers have listened."

"Then our talk must be short."

"Ugh!—the Wild Hog listens."

"You hate the Black Hawk?"

"He has robbed me of an Indian maiden I had chosen for my wigwam, and he has insulted me in the council-chamber," was the cold and stern reply.

"Would my brother be avenged?"

"An Indian never forgives."

"Well, that's pretty much the case with most people," said Moses, who spoke in the Indian dialect; "but what is your idea of revenge?"

"Pale-face," said the Wild Hog, laying his hand impressively on the other's arm, "which of the young squaws have you chosen for your share?"

"Well," replied Mo, to this home-thrust, "I ain't very particular. Any but the mad 'un. I wanted her, but I will be content with Ettie."

"Then the Wild Hog will be content with Mattie."

"Good! Now, how is it to be done?"

"The Hurons are on our trail—that we know. When the red blood flows, and there are men in conflict, the pale-faces and Carcajou will flee with the squaws."

"It is enough. I and my brothers will join you in the morning, and march in company. But no tricks, Indian. I mean what I say, and, by thunder! won't stand any nonsense."

"A man has but his word," replied Carcajou, gravely, and turned to rejoin his comrades, who, however, would take little notice of the absence of a brave supposed to be outlying in the forest.

"And a white man ain't got nothing better nor his bond," muttered Horne; "but not to a tarnation scarecrow of an Indian. Let me but get hold of the wummen, and, tarnation! I'll find room for white and red in my wigwam."

With these words he walked away, leaving Roland Edwards quivering in every limb with rage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

STEVE'S STORY.

ALL this while the dog had remained recumbent at his feet. The faithful and intelligent animal knew that there were enemies, and never even breathed quicker than common.

But where was Steve?

"Moses Horne," said Roland, aloud, when the footsteps of the two men had died away in the distance, "by this hand you die, if you had a thousand lives. To dare to think, to speak of her—"

"Hist, cap'n—not so loud," exclaimed the scout, with a low, unspoken laugh, close to his elbow.

And Steve rose from a bush, not five feet from where the Indian and Bandit had stood.

"Did you hear?"

"No. I've been on the trail of the gals, and I've found it. Thunder! the moon will be up mighty quick, so let us be jogging. Yer can tell me what you've heard as we go."

"I have heard that which makes my blood curdle in my veins. Sooner would I see Ettie's scalp hanging at the girdle of Theoderigo than such a crime should be perpetrated."

Steve made no reply.

He, however, clenched the hand of the youth, and pointed to the intelligent little pet which, avoiding the camp of the Indians, was trotting leisurely on before them.

"Well?"

"The brute has sniffed the track. The Lord is with us, for we shall march even when the moon is not up."

And these two men, rousing themselves to action, moved onward in the track where the intelligent brute led them. It did not go fast, as if aware that such proceeding was undignified and improper.

After an hour's silence, Steve spoke.

"Who was the two?"

"Moses Horne—"

"That man," hissed Steve, "the Lord forgive me for saying so, is my mortal foe. I'd soon take his scalp as shoot a buzzard. I'm bound to kill him!"

"No."

"Why?"

"Leave that to me. I must kill him!—there is a cloud of blood between us, and I must. I implore you, leave him to me."

"Cap'n, I will, if I kin. There mout be occasion when his death 'ud be a necessity; but, ef I kin, you shall do it."

"Thanks. The Indian was Carcajou."

"The bloody Wild Hog!" said Steve, in a roar of horror. "I thort that 'ere monster 'ud never come near a white man ag'in. There ain't a town or village on the borders where this skunk ain't left the mark of his ax—from the Bloody Run to the Holston. This man is mine, cap'n."

"Take him, so you leave me Mo. This man has aroused your feelings."

"Feelings—I ain't got none," said Steve, showing his white teeth. "no, more nor a wolf, when I think on that man. Cap'n, seven years ago I tired like of the wild woods and the prairies and the mountains, and I felt as how I could have settled."

"Why, Steve?"

"Because I took a fancy to one too gentle for such company as b'ars and wolves, and them sort; and I war a-gwine to be married, when this yar monster, he come in the night—"

"And slew her?" gasped Roland Edwards, with a deep and irrepressible feeling.

"No, no; but slew one I'd have died to save, and who perished 'cause she tried to save her!" he replied, in a tremulous voice. "Who was it?"

"My mother."

There was a deep, dejected silence. The grief of the scout was too sacred and stern for sympathy.

"And the girl?" asked the captain, after a long pause.

"She lives; but I swore never to marry till I carried whom his scalp. I began to think it warn't no use of carryin' on no longer, and meant to send and say I giv'd her back her vow, when your word woke me up. 'Tarnation! I'll have my revenge yet!"

And roused as by mighty feelings, which for a long time had been smothered and controlled, Steve walked forward until they reached a high hill, at such a pace as was not easy to follow.

His halt was as sudden as his march had been rapid.

"We are pursued. Them Shawnees are on our trail," he said, glancing around; "listen!"

And he cast himself flat on his face, in this imitated by Roland, while the dog whined lowly.

The tramp of Indians could be distinctly heard in the distance; but whether only marching to reach their village, or in pursuit, it was impossible to say.

"What's to be done?" asked Roland.

"I will not be taken," said Steve, in a low, hushed, determined tone, very different from his usual manner; "no, not at any price."

He began ascending the hill, leaving the track of the retreating Indians to the left.

It was soon clear that this was the only hopeful course, for when the party of warriors came to where they had halted, the whole party, without a glance to the right or left, entered the valley through which the trail passed.

The Indians and the two daring scouts were not a hundred yards apart: the former in the clear light of the lambent moon, the latter beneath dark and gloomy pines on the

CHAPTER XXXIV.
THE DARING VENTURE.

STEVE wrung the captain's hand, and then, having recourse to his wallet, speedily changed himself into an Indian—at all events, such an Indian as might, on a pinch, pass muster at night.

Steve had a loose calico shirt and Indian blanket, while round his head he tied a rude handkerchief with feathers, and daubed his face, arms and breast with streaks of red, black and green paint, representing snakes, lizards, and other reptiles. Roland almost smiled as he noticed the transfiguration of a white scout into a drunken-looking savage.

But there was no smile on the lips of Steve, whose whole soul was now in arms to avenge the murder of his mother, and the long and cruel disappointment which his vow had imposed upon him.

The officer would gladly have accompanied him, but the scout earnestly explained that what little service he must be without that skill and knowledge of Indian craft which it takes the trappers and others nearly a lifetime to compass. Cunning and presence of mind, quick resolution to act, with an utter scorn of danger and readiness to shed blood without mercy—such were the qualities needed on an expedition like the present.

The soldier, however, after some discussion, it was agreed should remain coiled, not in the woods, but among the thickets on a rugged plain on the opposite side of the river to which was the village.

When the twilight had departed, and the water rippling past showed the light of the stars upon its surface, the two men, guided as much by the uproar in the village as by their knowledge of its position, kept down the side of the hill until they reached the spot where Roland was to remain.

They could now clearly distinguish not only the wild whoop of rejoicing, the plaintive, wailing cry of mourning, but the shrieks, laughter and squeaking of women, the undisturbable prattle of children, the barking of dogs, and all the other usual noises of an Indian village.

While this was the case nothing could be done, as no one could enter the village unobserved.

It was only when within its precincts that a man could hope to be safe from the curiosity of the Shawnees.

The sudden junction of the forces of Carcajou and Theanderigo was of itself a hopeful incident, as the Shawnees of the two tribes would not be all personally known one to the other. The wigwags of the former, which had no women in them, were mere hasty huts, erected at no great distance from the river, while the others were permanent habitations.

The night might easily have been darker and more suited to the purpose with which Steve started on his journey, but the Indian village, fortunately, lay chiefly in the shadow of a hill that rose abruptly from the plain, dotted with majestic maple and tulip trees that rose in dark and solemn masses above it.

But the chief thing to be done was to enter the village.

Now this could only be done on the side where Carcajou was encamped, for one simple reason, which passed through the head of Steve with lightning rapidity, but which most men might have forgotten.

These Shawnees were away from home on the war-trail; hence they would be unaccompanied by women, children, or dogs. Now it was the dogs that would have been in the way of the scout. Their barking might indeed have been fatal to his enterprise.

He selected with extreme care a huge pine tree growing on the banks of the stream, and glided behind it. Its heavy shadow fell directly like a path toward the village.

It was now surrounded with a wretched pile of skins and boughs, dignified with the name of a hut, and toward this the scout took his way.

Now came the moment of peril. Though most of the savages had been feasting, yet others might be awake and sober, so that all depended on his first entrance. A timid, slinking, cautious gait might obtain for him the character of a spy. Drawing his blanket round him, therefore, with all the dignity of an Indian chief, he strode on, as if careless of observation.

He was inside the wigwag.

Not a word had been spoken to him, not a head had been raised from the rude pillows on which the warriors lay.

But Steve was compelled to wait.

There lay between himself and the camp of Theanderigo an obstacle which might or might not prove dangerous, according to circumstances. It was a long strip of moonlight, that, passing through narrow gap in the hill-top, looked like a stream of silver between the dark ground.

But hesitation might, above all, be fatal; so, with a lousing gait, the pale-face scout entered the white line of light, and crossed it slowly in the direction of the village, which was now an irregular mass of wigwags.

Several Indians were astray, chiefly drunkards, seated round a small fire after a debauch; and the Steve especially avoided, as, had he ventured near, they might have been on hospitable mood intent, and have asked him to join their company.

Now that Steve was in the very heart of his enemies' fastness, his object was twofold: to discover the abode of the women, to whom his presence might give comfort, and to discover what Carcajou was doing. But in so large a space, and among so many, how was this to be done?

But suddenly a change occurred which gave renewed hope to the scout and roused his energies. The sky became suddenly overcast by clouds, while deep darkness enveloped the Indian village; gusts of wind swept with a moaning sound over the adjacent hills, waking the forests from their repose, whirling and fluttering aloft like flights of the boding night-raven.

There was darkness now, and no use to hide him or to disguise his progress, so that he, without difficulty, reached the public square, where stood the council-house, near the wigwags of the principal chiefs, near which many trees had been allowed to remain.

In the middle of the square was a fire, with a guard, but all slept.

The scout was now about to step out boldly from behind a tree, when his quick ear caught the sound of footsteps, and he saw a man in the garb of an Indian chief creeping cautiously, at no great distance, from bush to bush and tree to tree, as if afraid of being discovered. The heart of the Avenger leaped to his mouth as he glided after the man.

Striking away from the council-hall, the shadowy guide soon halted before a hut of a kind generally confined to the renegade braves, who, driven from society for abominable crimes, were gladly received by the red-skins, as promising them many advantages.

Around it were bushes, and one large tree waved over its roof with a creaking sound. The hut was round and larger than most of those occupied by inferior or less wealthy warriors, being, however, only lit by a fire burning dimly in the center of its earthen floor, its wooden walls blackened with smoke and time.

There were many articles of value to an Indian, hanging from cross-poles or beams, such as wooden bowls, earthen pans and pots, guns, hatchets, fish-spears, and trophies of the chase.

At one end was a platform of skins, with curtains of mats, on which lay a beautiful Indian girl, in all the calm and innocence of sleep.

The Indian who had guided Steve thus mysteriously to the entrance of the hut, now stalked in. He was a warrior of about fifty, in all the vigor of manly strength, armed and painted for war, his grim countenance hideously debauched on one side with vermilion, on the other with black, a long scalping-knife, without sheath or cover, swinging from his wampum belt, while a hatchet, the blade and handle both of steel, was grasped in his hand.

The man gazed long and ardently on the countenance of the young girl. His passions were doubly up in arms—he hated Theanderigo, and he saw that the maiden was very beautiful.

It was Carcajou, the Wild Hog, and Matata, the affianced bride of Kenewa.

The Wild Hog halted about four feet from the girl, gazing at her with a look in which admiration was blended with other and powerful feelings.

Then he stepped forward, and touched her on the arm.

With a start the girl leaped up, gazed about her with a strange and bewildered air, and then stood erect.

"Can not a girl sleep in peace, though a prisoner?" she said.

"Whose prisoner is my sister?" asked Carcajou, in as civil a tone as he could assume.

"I am no man's prisoner. Theanderigo, the Black Hawk of the Shawnees, has stolen from a man. He will come, he will give petitions to the Shawnees, and he will take his own where he finds it."

Theanderigo is a skunk—he is a whipped cur. I am Carcajou, the Wild Hog—I am a great chief. I have fought the Long-knives. I have drunk their blood, and the blood of their wives and little ones. When they hear the war-cry of Carcajou they run like the prairie-wolf at the voice of the panther—for who ever stood and faced Carcajou?

The warrior paused.

"If my brother be the enemy of Theanderigo, is he therefore my friend?"

"I am. My tongue is not forked. Carcajou would be revenged on Theanderigo—he has stolen from me the maiden who was to adorn my wigwag—she is the mother of his children. She is old and ugly now, and the dogs of the plain may eat her carcass. It is seven years ago; but though love has gone from my heart, I am Carcajou, and I am not avenged."

"How is a Huron girl to help you?"

"Carcajou has few warriors, Theanderigo has many. But Kenewa, the brave of braves, is coming up. If the Wild Hog restores the Prairie Rose to her warrior, will he not aid Carcajou to be avenged? I have spoken."

"Indian!" said the girl, proudly and haughtily, "you are a Shawnee, and the Shawnees are the enemies of my race. But I can not believe you. You are here as the friend of Theanderigo; you have eaten with him, drank with him, smoked the calumet of peace with him. Go, you are a dog to betray your brother. I spit upon you—better the wigwag of a man than the earthen hole of an animal."

"Girl, you die."

"Tu words to that, my hearty," hissed a voice in his ear: "I am Steven, the scout, whose mother you slew—thunder!"

The Shawnee turned, and, as he did so, was tripped, and a gag thrust into his mouth.

"Tie his legs," cried Steve, in a whisper; "I've got his throat fast—he can't scream."

Matata and the scout in about five minutes had secured the ruffian.

"Now, gal," said Steve, "we'll talk, if yer please."

CHAPTER XXXV.
THE DEPUTATION RECEIVED.

WHEN Carcajou, the Wild Hog, found himself powerless in the hands of a man whom he had so deeply injured—Steve had sheltered the ruffian when, drunk and helpless, he haunted a village alchouse—he made no attempt to struggle.

He had at last fallen into that trap which he had so often laid for others, and that, too, while contemplating a deed of gross deceit and cruelty.

It is probable, however, that the mother-wit of Matata might have foiled the scoundrel had not Steve come to her assistance, and yet it was, perhaps, as well that the scout was there to aid her stern resolves.

The Shawnee warrior was secured, and then the Prairie Rose explained that all were well, that the rest of the female captives were secured in a large wigwag at no great distance, and that she had been promoted to the honor of the chief tent, in prevision of a marriage which was to take place almost immediately—next day but one, she believed.

"And what will my sister do?"

"Kenewa is a brave."

"Right, gal, right—have confidence in the man you love; it's only proper as it should be so. But why not escape?"

"Matata can not leave her sisters."

"You're a brave gal, be the next who she may. But now that flint's fixed, let's talk about what's best to be done."

Matata was quite agreeable, and after half an hour Steve went out with the heavy warrior on his shoulder.

He now took his way by the rear of the huts, and walking very slowly with his huge burden reached the stockade, lifted the man over, and then again resumed his burden.

He was eager to put the river between himself and his enemies, as then he could count on the assistance of a friend.

In a quarter of an hour more he was slowly ascending the bank in the direction where he had left Captain Roland Edwards on the watch.

"Who goes there?"

"Steve."

Such were all the words interchanged until the scout cast his huge burden on the ground before him.

"Why, what have you there?"

"Wild Hog."

"Why did you not kill him?—a prisoner will hamper us," said the Backwood Ranger, coldly.

The life of such a man was as nothing when others were in the same scale so much more valuable; though Carcajou might have had a difference of opinion on that point.

"Kill him—remove him from the world at one blow" cried Steve: "that war mercy indeed. No; he's made my heart bleed these seven years; the nigger pays for that."

"No cruelty, Steve."

"Cap'n, this here ain't no part of our bargain. In the affairs of the Judge I'm bound, obligated to obey you; but this year is my private affair—thunder!"

"Hist!" whispered Roland: "there are men on our side of the water. Yonder."

Steve listened.

Then rose the hoot of the owl.

"Kenewa," said Steve.

"Thank God!"

And the young warrior in another moment came up with ten or twelve picked youths of the tribe, who, with himself, cast themselves on the soil, panting and nearly dead from fatigue.

Roland seated himself by the chief's head, but he made no remark. Steve guarded his treasure.

Ten minutes elapsed.

"Ugh!" said Kenewa.

Light-foot, as was afterward explained, had, with all the fleetest runners of his tribe, started at a loping trot for four and twenty miles without any hesitation or pause. They never stopped for bite or sup until they came in view of the village.

By degrees, as the men recovered themselves and got cooler, they went down to the stream and drank.

Then all cast themselves again at the feet of trees to snatch repose, after a journey which would have been scarcely possible to any but expert runners.

Kenewa gravely listened to the account given by Roland and Steve.

The capture of Carcajou particularly interested him.

This man, whose savage misdeeds against red-skins quite as much as against the whites were known to all in the debatable ground, had a reputation for ferocity and cunning which had spread over a wider territory than is allotted to many famous men in civilized society.

He glanced his eye curiously every now and then at the prisoner while listening to the narrative.

He, however, spoke not; interruptions in the prairie wilderness being regarded as the rudest things in which a man could indulge.

When, however, the whole story was told, Kenewa thought deeply for a moment.

He then lit his calumet, and passed it round for a quarter of an hour in dead silence.

But both Captain Roland and Steve knew that this meant opening a council of war.

At length all three had smoked.

"What has my brother here to propose?" said Captain Roland, knowing the dislike of the Indians to open a discourse.

"Wagh! my brother has said it. Kenewa has something to propose," said the Indian.

"Our ears are open," observed Steve.

"Our women are prisoners. If before the sun sets twice behind western hills they be not in our tents, they are lost to us."

"True."

"The Shawnees are as the sand of the sea, we are few. It is a warrior's duty to be brave; but the tender ones are in danger. Shall it be, then, peace, when war is bad? We are brave, but we must be cunning."

"Do you propose a treaty?" asked Roland.

"Ugh!"

"What treaty?" asked Steve.

"Carcajou is a chief; he is worth a dozen women. Let the Shawnees give us our squaws; we will give them Carcajou, the Wild Hog. I have said."

"A good idea," observed Roland.

Steve groaned.

"True," thought the young officer, and laying his hand upon the arm of Kenewa he told the scout's story.

The iron hunter never moved a muscle.

"Wagh!" cried Kenewa, who, like all his race, had a great reverence for the vendetta feeling.

"This very kind of you, cap'n," said Steve, with a groan, "very—tu think of a poor fellow like me; but it can't be—no, it can't be. My feelin's ain't a-covin' to stand ag in the gals. This man is my prisoner; on one condition he is yours."

"But, Steve—"

"Cap'n, it ain't no use. I've kind of made up my mind, and it ain't nothing 'll move me."

"But the condition?"

"Well, you see, you might kinder think of me too much if you had it left to you; so the condition is, let him go, if so be you won't exchange him."

Captain Roland grasped his hand.

"You are a noble fellow, Steve—that you are," cried the chief of the Avengers; "what can we do for you?"

"Say nuthin' about it; 'tain't to be, so it don't sminey," and as if he considered the matter settled, he cast his heavy frame on the ground and went to sleep.

The other two remained in conversation some time, and all the arrangements for the next day being made, they all retired to rest, very little of the night being left.

When light fell upon that spot at morn it was empty; but at no great distance from the lake the backwoods men were collected, in company with the flower of the Huron tribe, a company of Backwood Avengers now a hundred strong.

But though all were armed, though every man stood to his gun, the whole party lounged about in a way that indicated peaceful intentions.

In the center of the camp, unarmed, and confined by the leg, sat Carcajou, with Steve and four Huron warriors keeping strict guard over him. The scout was, for him, solemn indeed. In giving this man up for the general good, he had, as it were, torn his heart-strings; for while that man lived he was forever deprived of the slightest glimpse of happiness. Besides, in that state of society revenge was thought a duty, and the punishment of the criminal at the hand of the sufferer strict justice.

But the scout had said his say, and no more was needed on his part.

There was another group close at hand,

composed of the white men, who sat quietly smoking their pipes, as if they never had any thought of war.

The explanation of this was, that one of the youths of the Huron party was absent on an embassy to the Shawnees—an embassy to ask a truce for two hours.

The Hurons announced to the Shawnees that they proposed an envoy into their camp, and runners having announced to the Hurons that their enemies were deliberating, a waited.

Kenewa moved about, glancing like a skilful General, in every corner, to see, should they be attacked, what were the capabilities of the spot for defense, and appointing his warriors to their posts in case they were needed.

The Backwood Avengers had spent part of the morning in cleaning their rifles and preparing them for action.

Judge Mason was, however, still the same. No fresh morning brought any change to him.

Sleeping or waking, there before him was always that fearful picture of his murdered wife and outraged child, that appeared to make the blood boil in his veins.

It is at his age that the partner who has shared our joys and sorrows for many long years is chiefly missed. It is like severing an old oak asunder in its stalwart prime.

They had been very happy—happy in one another's society, happiest of all in their children, ever the pride and glory of their hearts.

With his eye ever fixed upon the ground, with his thoughts divided between her and her children, the hours passed unnoticed and unheeded.

He waited his time.

The youthful messenger returned to say that the Shawnees would receive an embassy, the members of which would be inviolable for half an hour after their departure from the village.

Kenewa and Roland at once rose, and took their departure along the windings of the stream.

The sun had passed the meridian when the Shawnees prepared to receive the deputation from their enemies.

The Huron's proposition would not be listened to for one moment but for what appeared to the Shawnee band a very extraordinary circumstance—one to be accounted for on no ordinary modes of reasoning.

This was the disappearance of Carcajou.

The band under the command of Wild Hog were then all puzzled beyond measure, though they knew his ways sufficiently to be aware that he might be roaming in the forest on some duty connected with the enterprise upon which all were engaged.

They were, however, suspicious and sullen. The enmity between Black Hawk and Wild Hog was well known, though, from purposes of state or convenience a hollow truce had been patched up between them.

The first notion of the White River Shawnees was that Carcajou had been murdered; but Theanderigo was evidently quite as much puzzled as themselves.

It was while this mystery hung over the camp like a cloud of night that the messenger came, proposing a truce. All seemed at once to be relieved. Something strange was going on in their midst, something they could by no means understand.

About half an hour before the envoys of the rival nation were expected, the camp was still under its ordinary aspect. Women moved about from lodge to lodge, some took a hasty meal, while most of the warriors hung about listlessly in groups.

All were armed, as if from some instinct of preservation. The band of Carcajou, which was less in number than that they had joined, kept close together, as if ready at any moment to repel treachery. The Bandits of the Scioto sat apart, as if disdaining any connection with the events which were about to take place, and yet which might be supposed to interest them more than any.

About an hour after the full meridian the warriors might be seen examining their weapons with much more care than usually bestowed on such implements when no other enemy than the beasts of the forest are to be encountered.

Then, as the sun tipped a small pine near the center of the clearing, the warriors fell into rank.

As if by a preconcerted movement, two men at once stepped from the forest, and lifted their arms in token of amity. They were without arms; but the keen eyes of the Shawnees clearly distinguished that they had a white and a red warrior to deal with.

The Shawnees, however, made the usual sign of welcome to the strangers.

Then the two men, as if satisfied, moved slowly across the open space which intervened between the forest and the village, nor paused until they stood close to the half-circle of warriors who awaited their arrival.

The Shawnees with whom we have chiefly dealt stood in one dark group; the White River Shawnees were on the other side, while in the rear were the four Bandits, leaning on their rifles with a look of scorn and ridicule.

An evil expression was in their eyes.

"The Rattlesnake of the Hurons is before you!" said Kenewa.

A number of such prolonged surprise as seldom emanates from Indian lips burst from all at this announcement.

The Huron warrior, motionless as a statue, erect, with his arms folded gracefully, allowed not a muscle to move.

He enjoyed his triumph.

As Kenewa, or Light-foot—the name they had hitherto known him by—they hailed him as a warrior. With this appellation he had distinguished himself by making many a Shawnee home desolate.

But as Rattlesnake they looked on him with awe or astonishment, added to the fiercest dislike.

It was the name of a mysterious chief of the Hurons, who had been felt and seen by his enemies, so swift and terrible had been his movements.

"Thunder!" said Moses, with a grin; "are we to get a prize?"

"The great warrior of the Hurons is welcome," replied Theanderigo, recovering his equanimity by a great effort. "Will he smoke the pipe of peace, or eat his succatash with his friends?"

"Theanderigo," said the proud Huron, "knows that he speaks to an enemy. He is a brave man, and will speak like a warrior; his tongue is not forked, nor has he treachery in his eye."

"Well, my brother; speak more plainly!"

"Those skulking ruffians yonder," said Roland, pointing to the Bandits, "have loaded rifles in their hands; they are cocked. It would be an eternal disgrace to let brave Shawnees if a cowardly assassination was to take place in their midst."

"Ugh!" cried Theanderigo, and waving his hands to his nearest acolytes, in an instant the Bandits were disarmed.

"Can you whack this?" said Mo.

"We have asked our brother red-skins to a big talk. If the long-knives do not like to stand by unarmed, the prairies are open to them. When they reach the forest they can have their guns, but my young men will be on the trail."

"Yes, curse you!" cried Mo, in a low tone; "I know you cursed red niggers. You want to quarrel and rob us of our plunder!"

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 55.)

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"AN INGIN TALE."

BY DAVID PAULDING.

Whar I settled wur on the big Red River;
 Their red niggers cuded their most thar, yer bet;
 Their cantankerous shines 'ud make yer shiver—
 They'd as lieve raise yer hair as not; yet,
 I didn't car; I hunted and trapped jes' as free
 As if Ijulus war scarce, and I live yet, yer see.
 I married in ther clearin's and fished her out,
 too;
 She wur like an angel, golden hair and eyes of
 blue;
 Our children, boy and gal—we had only two—
 Made him a heaven; yer kin bet that ar' is true.
 But, one day, I started ter ther station ter trade;
 'Twas high bein' ther wuss trip I ever made.
 I kem back well packed with provision and joy.
 But, hum wur gone, so war wife, and gal and boy!
 Nothing on 'em left, and I c'd see by ther tracks
 The heathen red niggers had committed ther acts.
 Cabin burned and my family all gone to thunder!
 Ther I got mad, I axes yer, ar' it a bit of wonder?
 I lifted ther trail of ther infarnel red niggers;
 I made up my mind ter wipe 'em out n' creation;
 I counted ther tracks—I war allers good at figgers—
 'Thar war jes' ten. I w'dn't car 'I been ther
 hull nation.
 By day and night I follered 'em, and, one by one,
 I wiped 'em all out. Revenge war fine fun!
 But now, my yarn cums to its p'int; yer see,
 I wur so dazed I never thought ter look fur
 traces
 Of my wife and kids, and when I reached Fort
 Downey,
 'Thar they welcomed me with smiling faces!
 Yer see they 'scaped' fore ther impussum down; so
 I killed 'em for nothing. I talk sorry though.

The Miser's Treasure.
A SKETCH OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

THE British troops were advancing upon America's richest seaboard city, and the inhabitants, terrified at the approach of the invader, were collecting their valuables, preparatory to fleeing inland.

The city was poorly defended, and, with much reluctance, the commandant had decided upon immediate evacuation.

Upon the night preceding the necessary abandonment, two men were seated in a sumptuously furnished apartment. One had entered the decline of life, while his companion, clad in a lieutenant's uniform, could not have passed his twenty-third year.

"Robert, I am ashamed of the soldiers of my country," said the elderly one, with fast-rising indignation.

"Why?" quietly asked the soldier, meekly raising his eyes.

"Because, to-morrow they prove themselves cowards."

"Mr. Paulton, you do not look upon our proposed movement in the proper light," said the young man. "The advancing force numbers twelve thousand men, accompanied by thirty pieces of cannon. Our garrison, all told, is composed of but twelve hundred men, with fourteen cannon, eight of which are unfit for use. Therefore, under the circumstances, as any sane man will admit, a defense would be folly."

"You should emulate the example of Leonidas."

"But we have no Thermopylae."

The old man rose to his feet, and traced the room with bowed head and measured strides.

Suddenly he executed an abrupt pause before the soldier.

"Robert, I understand that you are Ellen's accepted lover."

As he spoke half-interrogatively, an answer was expected.

"I am happy to be called such," replied the lieutenant, not daring to meet the flashing eyes looking down upon him.

"Then, know you, that with my consent, you are such no longer."

The soldier was about to speak, when Mr. Paulton continued:

"Yesterday, sir, I would have given you Ellen's hand without hesitation; but to-night you could not purchase it for the glittering gems of Golconda."

"You value it highly," spoke the young man, sarcastically.

"Yes, far beyond the wealth of your purse" was the reply. "A soldier who would desert helpless people is unworthy the hand of Ellen Paulton. Robert Geuvener, I hope you march from this city to-morrow to a coward's death. I expect to see these beautiful paintings torn from the walls by the king's minions, and my family subjected to gross insults through your cowardice. But my treasure, thank God, is deep buried in the cellar, beyond the enemy's accursed sight. I expect to see you no more. You are at liberty to go now."

The soldier rose; but paused with manifest indecision.

"Ah! you would see Ellen," cried the old man; "but she is invisible to you. Go, coward; yonder is the door."

With quivering hand he pointed toward the threshold, and, silent with sadness, the soldier took his departure.

He bent his steps toward the barracks, where the troops were preparing to depart at daylight.

Walter Paulton had decided to remain in the city. He was wealthy, and exceedingly covetous, and would not be driven from his gold. The night preceding the opening of our story he had collected his valuables, and buried them beneath the stone floor of the capacious cellar. All alone, during the midnight hour, and with a lantern dimly burning, he consigned his riches to the keeping of mother earth. Their theft would break his heart, and send him prematurely to the dark goal of all mortal. I fear he doated more upon his gold than upon his only child.

Robert Geuvener remained at the barracks till the last preparations for evacuation were completed. Then he left his comrades, and directed his steps toward Mr. Paulton's residence.

He resolved to seek Ellen's window, and enjoy the bliss of a stolen interview.

After threading many dimly lighted streets, he found himself before the imposing mansion. A moment later he had vaulted over the low iron fence, and was in the rear of the building. Directly overhead was Ellen's chamber, to reach which he would have to gain the roof of the shed that terminated directly beneath.

He was about to begin the ascent, by means of the water-spout, when he discovered the cellar door at his feet to be wide open. Such a state of affairs was very strange, and, coupling it with the fact that Mr. Paulton had buried his valuables in the cellar, the lieutenant was inclined to believe that all was not right.

At any rate, no harm would result from an investigation.

Therefore, he cautiously descended several steps, and paused.

Not entirely unexpected was the hum of voices that fell upon his ears.

Some persons were in the cellar.

A second descent rendered the voices distinguishable.

"No gold yet, Marc?"

"None, Pedro."

"The American can not have cheated us. We saw him carry the brass box into this place last night."

"Si, Pedro. The gold is here. We shall find it by-and-by, brother."

Then the voices ceased, and the sound of a spade reached the listener.

Resolving upon instant action, the soldier retraced his steps. He was convinced that two ruffians were digging after the miser's wealth, which he was determined they should not possess.

The passage leading to the cellar was long, gloomy, and strewn with rubbish. To thread it successfully he must needs have a light. From the sound of the voices, he knew that the strong oaken door at the end of the corridor was closed. It was without a lock of any sort.

Intent upon procuring a light, he noiselessly entered the kitchen, found a candle, and returned to the yard.

The next minute, with the light in one hand and a double-barreled pistol in the other, he found himself in the corridor.

At last he reached the door, and managed to open it without noise.

Before him, unaware of his presence, were two huge, brutish-looking fellows, resembling the lower class of Portuguese assassins. One was half buried in a pit, still shoveling as if for dear life, while the other leaned over the excavation with a taper.

After gazing upon the brutal twain a moment, the soldier coolly raised his pistol.

The next moment a bright flash was followed by a loud report, and he who held the taper sunk back in the quiverings of death. The second villain leaped from the pit, but fell back into it, mortally wounded.

While the soldier was contemplating the work of death, steps echoed in the corridor, and Mr. Paulton sprung into the apartment.

A pistol-barrel flashed in his hand, and a moment later it was leveled at Robert Geuvener's breast.

"Villain! you would add robbery to cowardice!" he cried. "Die!"

A report followed the last word, and the soldier sunk to the ground with a chilling shriek.

Smoke still issued from the weapon's

mouth, when the miser's eyes fell upon the dead and dying villains.

"Oh, God!" he cried, staggering back, "I have slain my benefactor. What base, base ingratitude!"

A groan escaped the soldier's lips.

"Not dead?" cried Mr. Paulton, hurrying to the prostrate soldier. "God be praised! He shall not die."

An examination proved Robert's wound to be of a very serious nature.

In less time than we penned the above sentence, a servant was dispatched after a physician who dressed the soldier's wound and left him in the miser's care.

The wounded villain expired.

At daybreak the Americans evacuated the city; but Robert Geuvener remained behind. The British came, held the position a short time, and departed before the bayonet.

Ellen Paulton watched over her lover until he recovered, and, before the war closed, they were made one.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

A Sioux Trick.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"Fur downright cuteness, a trick I onc't see a lot uv Onc-pa-pa Sioux git off onto a lot uv us mountain men, beat enny thing a goin'."

"Fooled you, did they?" asked old Rube's partner, who wished to draw him out for the benefit of the rest of us.

"Foolin' ain't no name fur it. They jess tuck us in an' made the damdest set of jackasses onto the hull lot. An' the wuss't uv 'em, ther ev'ry darn skunk uv 'em got cl'ar, an' went off yellin' an' yowlin' wuss ner a pack o' coyotes."

"Jim, hyer, hes heard me tell the story menny a time, but I reckon none uv you fellows hev, an' I'll narrate the circumstance while the meat ar' scorchin'."

"Ther wur fifteen on us in the gang. We hed kem across t'other party the day afore, an' es we wur in the Sioux kentry, we doubled teams an' went into camp."

"Airly next mornin' the chap as wur guardin' the corral kim t'arin' into whar we wur gettin' up the fires, shouten as how he hed seen a party uv red-skins on the top of the ridge to the southward."

"The Sioux wer pizen bad thet season, an' we jess expected a reg'lar scrimmage

would hev to take place right soon, if not sooner."

"We knowed it would hev to be a hefty gang thet would tackle us, an' so, leavin' the fires to take keer uv themselves, we up picket pins an' were off afore a mountain-cat could blink her eye."

"When we struck the high ground the imps hed left, an' we see 'em more'n a mile off, cavortin' about on the perrary, shyin' up the'r lances, an' jerkin' the'r bows about in the ar' like so menny crazy diggers."

"Thet dodge won't go," sed one of the fellers.

"More uv 'em yander in the timmer," sed another one.

"Tryin' to draw us into a cussed ambushment," put in somebody else.

"I wur fur chargin' the imps, fur I didn't b'leeve they wur such darned fools es to try sech a stale trick es thet onto mountain-men; an' arter I sed so, most uv the fellers agreed, an' at 'em we went."

"Stead uv runnin', es they generally did, them Sioux kept on cavortin' about on the'r hosses, ridin' round an' round, an' yellin' like mad."

"But as we closed in onto 'em, they put out across perrary, an' when they'd got a good bit off, at it they went ag'in, ridin' round an' yellin' jess the same as afore."

"They played this on two or three times an' I could see thet the boyes wur gettin' the'r dander up, an' wur keen to come to close work."

"The next time they put out, we kept straight arter 'em as hard es we could pelt, an' in less'n a quarter we wur in range an' gaddin' on 'em right lively."

"All at onc't them Sioux pulled up an' faced about, settin' in the'r saddles es cool es you please, an' evidently determined to let us kim to close quarters an' fight it out."

"Some uv the fellers begin handlin' the'r rifles, when Ned Slocum hollered out to wait an' use the'r six-shooters."

"Thet wur the ticket, an' the rifles war laid across, an' the pepper-boxes hauled out fur hand-to-hand work."

"You see, all this time we wur closin' in onto the red-skins, but they didn't seem to mind it at all."

"Thar they sot, ev'ry nigger uv 'em wrapped up in the'r red blankets, and not even handlin' the'r weepins to be ready fur the scrimmage."

"I don't like it," said Ned. "Tain't natural, an' take my word, them Sioux ar' up to sum sort o' deviltry."



THE MISER'S TREASURE.

"I thought so too, but I didn't say nothin', an' ahead we went like as if Ole Nick hed been gruppin' the hosses' tails."

"They ar' goin' to break, sed Ned, ag'in, but they didn't, an' we kept gittin' closer an' closer."

"Don't fire, boyces, tell we're smack into 'em," I sed, and they didn't."

"At forty yards I see sum of 'em gittin' fixed fur beginnin' the work."

"With one uv our reg'lar mount'inscreeches we give the word, an' down on 'em we went."

"But we didn't re'ch 'em. Ho-he-he! no, we didn't; not by a darn sight. Ho-ho-hoo!"

The old fellow laid back on the grass and laughed long and loud.

"What was it, Rube? Durn it all, finish the yarn," exclaimed an impatient listener.

"What wur it?" answered the trapper, catching his breath. "Well, it wur enuff, I tell you."

"Jess at the very minnit we thought we hed them red-skins, they hed us. Ho-ho-ho."

"The fust thing I knowed wur a big red flash right afore our eyes. Sudden like es a streak uv lightning, an' jess es bad, er wuss on the hosses."

"You oughter 'a seen them hosses when the imps flirited the'r red blankets, fur thet's whar made the red flash I hed seed, right in the'r eyes. Thar ain't no critter as would 'a stood it, an' our'n wur all young er mettlesom, an' the way they did take on wur a caution."

The very minnit the red-skins hed jerked the'r blankets, they wheeled an' wur off like a norther."

"But we didn't foller. Not much; fur we hed about all we could tend to to save our own karkasses."

"My hoss went on like he wur scart cl'ar outen his senses. He fared, an' pitched, an' kicked an' cavorted, an' finished the business by pitchin' me clean over his head into a muskeet bush."

"Ther others war jess es bad, an' sech a scramblin' an' fallin' an' holdin' on you never see, nor never will I reckon."

"I wur hurt, an' hurt bad, but I sw'ar I like to 'a died larfin' while the show lasted, which wur fur ten minutes er more."

"By the time the boyes hed straightened up, the Sioux war out of sight, an' we hed ter ride back, cussin' and suckin' our thumbs like a passel uv wallowed youngsters."

"Thet war a Sioux trick, an' it wur a good 'un too."

TRUTH may be suppressed, but not strangled.

Short Stories from History.

The Mystery of the Iron Mask.—This celebrated "romance of history" has a perennial interest. It was retold in a late number of one of our monthly magazines, which will revive the curiosity and make people again ask: *Who was the victim?* This is the story, in brief:

Although conjecture has long been exhausted as to the identity of the person in the Iron Mask, yet the fact of such a prisoner having been confined, and dying in the Bastille, as first made public by Voltaire, has since been abundantly confirmed in all its leading points. The journal of M. de Jonca, who was many years Lieutenant du Roi at the Bastille, gives an account of the prisoner removed from the Island of St. Marguerite, on M. de St. Mars being appointed Governor of the Bastille. He says the prisoner always wore a mask of black velvet, a circumstance confirmed by several writers, although he has been called the *Iron Mask*; and that he died in the Bastille, and was buried on the 20th of November, 1703. In the register of this parish there is the following entry:

"In the year 1703, on the 19th day of November, Marchall, aged forty-five years, or thereabouts, died at the Bastille. His body was interred in the burying-place of St. Paul, on the 20th of the said month, in the presence of Monsieur de Rosages, Mayor of the Bastille, and Monsieur Kéill, the surgeon, who accordingly sign this."

Father Grisset, in his "Traité de Preuves qui servent pour établir la Verité de l'Histoire," says nothing can exceed the dependence that may be placed on the journal of M. de Jonca. He adds that a great many circumstances relating to this prisoner were known to the officers and servants at the Bastille, when Monsieur de Launay was appointed mayor there; that M. de Launay told him he was informed by them, that immediately after the prisoner's death, his apparel, linen, clothes, mattresses, and, in short, every thing that had been used by him, were burnt; that the walls of his room were scraped, and the floor taken up; all evidently from the apprehension that he might have found means of writing something that would have discovered who he was; and that Monsieur d'Argenson, who often came to the Bastille when lieutenant-general of the police, hearing that the garri-

son still spoke of this prisoner, asked one day what was said about him, and after hearing some of the conjectures, observed: "They will never know."

It is related by others that, besides the precautions mentioned by M. de Launay, the glass was taken out of the window of his room, and pounded to dust; the window-frame and doors burnt; and the ceiling of the room, and the plaster of the inside of the chimney taken down. Several persons have affirmed that the body was buried without a head; and M. de St. Foix, in his "Essais Historiques," informs us that a gentleman, having bribed the sexton, had the body taken up in the night, and found a stone instead of the head.

Monsieur de la Grange Chancel, who was sent prisoner to St. Marguerite, for writing a satire called the "Phillippic" on the Duke of Orleans, speaking of the *Iron Mask*, says that "the governor behaved with the greatest respect to the prisoner; that he was always served on plate, and furnished with as rich clothes as he desired; that, when he had occasion to see a surgeon or physician, he was obliged under pain of death, constantly to wear his mask; but when he was alone, he sometimes amused himself with pulling out the hairs of his beard with fine steel pincers." He adds: "Several persons have informed me that, when M. de St. Mars went to take possession of the government of the Bastille, whither he was to conduct the prisoner, they heard the latter say to him: 'Has the king any intention against my life?' and de St. Mars replied: 'No, Prince, your life is in safety; you must only allow yourself to be conducted.'"

One Dubuisson, who was confined at St. Marguerite, says that "he was lodged with other persons in the room immediately above that where the prisoner with the mask was; that they found means of speaking to him by the vents of their chimneys; and that, having one day pressed him to tell who he was, he refused, saying that, if he did, it would not only cost him his own life, but the lives of those to whom the secret might be revealed."

M. de St. Mars, on his way from St. Marguerite to the Bastille, halted with the prisoner at his house at Paltenu. The house was afterward bought by a person who took its name, and who, in a letter to M. Freron, on this subject, says:

"In 1698 M. de St. Mars was removed from his government of St. Marguerite to that of the Bastille. In going to this new government, he stopped with his prisoner at Paltenu. The prisoner was in a litter that went before that of M. de St. Mars, and was accompanied by several men on horse-back. Some peasants that I ex-

amined, who went to pay their compliments to their master, said that, while he was at table with his prisoner, the latter sat with his back toward the window that looked into the court; that they did not observe, therefore, whether he ate with his mask on, but saw very distinctly that M. de St. Mars, who sat opposite to him, had a pair of pistols lying by his plate. They were attended at dinner only by a valet-de-chambre."

But Voltaire is the most circumstantial; in his "Age of Louis XIV." he says:

"Some months after the death of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1661, there happened an event of which there is no example, and what is no less strange, the historians of that time seem to have been unacquainted with it."

"There was sent, with the greatest secrecy, to the castle on the Island of St. Marguerite, in the sea of Trovence, an unknown prisoner, rather above the middle size, young, and of graceful figure. On the road he wore a mask, with steel springs, that enabled him to eat without taking it off. Those who conducted him had orders to kill him if he made any attempt to discover himself. He remained there until the Governor of Pignerol, an officer of confidence, named St. Mars, being appointed governor of the Bastille, in 1690, brought him from thence to the Bastille, always covered with a mask. The Marquis de Louvois, who went and saw him at St. Marguerite, spoke to him standing, and with that kind of attention that marks respect. He was lodged at the Bastille as well as that castle would admit. Nothing was refused him that he desired. His chief taste was for lace and linen, remarkably fine. He played on the guitar. His table was the best that could be provided; and the governor seldom sat down in his presence. An old physician of the Bastille, who had often attended him when he was indisposed, said that he never saw his face, though he had frequently examined his tongue and parts of his body; that he was admirably well made, that his skin was rather brown, that he had something interesting in the sound of his voice, that he never complained, or let drop any thing by which it might be guessed who he was."

"This unknown person died in 1703, and was buried in the night, at the burying-ground of the parish of St. Paul. What increases our astonishment is that, when he was sent to St. Marguerite, no person of importance in Europe was missing. Yet this prisoner certainly was a person of importance. See what happened soon after his arrival there. The governor put the dishes on the table himself, retired, and locked the door. One day the prisoner wrote something with his knife on a silver plate, and cast it out of the window toward a boat that was drawn on shore near the bottom of the tower. A fisherman to whom the boat belonged took up the plate and brought it to the governor, who, with evident astonishment, asked the man if he had read what was written on the plate, or if any other person had seen it. He said he could not read; that he had but just found it, and that no one else had seen it. He was, however, confined until the governor was certain that he could not read, and that no other had seen the plate. He then dismissed him, saying: 'It is lucky for you that you can not read.'"

The Abbe Papon relates "that a young lad, a barber, having seen one day something white floating on the water, took it up; it was a fine shirt, written almost all over. He carried it to M. de Saint Mars, who, having looked at some parts of the writing, asked the lad, with an appearance of anxiety, if he had not had the curiosity to read it. He assured him repeatedly that he had not; but two days afterward the boy was found dead in his bed."

M. de la Borde informs us that M. Linguet, in the course of his inquiries, found that, when the Iron Mask went to mass, he had the most express orders not to speak or show himself; that the invalids were commanded to fire on him if he disobeyed; that their arms were loaded with balls; and that he therefore took great care to conceal himself, and to be silent."

Among the various conjectures respecting the Iron Mask, one writer supposes him to have been the Duke of Beauford, second son of Cussar, Duke of Vendome; but he was killed by the Turks in 1680. Another suspects him to have been the Count de Vermandois, natural son of Louis XIV., who died publicly with the army in 1683. A third says it was the Duke of Monmouth, of whose death, however, English history gives a very satisfactory account. A fourth says it was a minister of the Duke of Mantua; but the respect paid to the prisoner is sufficient to refute such an opinion.

Others have said the Iron Mask was the son of Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII., and that his father was the Duke of Buckingham, who was ambassador to France in 1625; but there is no ground whatever for the assertion. A more prevalent opinion is, that he was the twin-brother of Louis XIV., born some hours after him; and that the king, their father, fearing that the pretensions of a twin-brother might one day be employed to renew those civil wars with which France had so often been afflicted, cautiously concealed his birth, and sent him away to be brought up privately.

Beat Time's Notes.

It is very seldom that I propound a riddle, but I wish you would tell me what animal it is that flies through the ground, runs in the air, never was born, is twenty-five years old, never wakes, never sleeps, never moves, never stops, is and is not, was and wasn't, will be and won't, and eats itself up whenever it gets hungry? I am extremely anxious to know, for I am not aware what it is myself, and thought some of you would know better than I.

The sound of the sea is like a looking-glass because it is a *mere-roar*. The fellow who got this up, finding it was about to get him down, and that it reflected no credit on him, went and got a different glass with something else in it besides his face.

With my patent churn you can make ten pounds of butter out of nine pounds of milk, or in a pinch it will make butter out of pure water, and will renovate old butter, besides milking the cows.

If a government officer with a salary of \$1,500, manages to lay up \$20,000 a year out of it, give the exact circumference of the suspicion as regards his honesty.

A WORKMAN painting blinds though he have an eye to business is nevertheless a blind-painter.

If a man has nothing in the world, I like to see him keep a couple of patent bull-terrier pups.

CAN a hospitable inn be said to be inhospitable? Answer at your leisure.

PERSONS who repair to the saloons are apt to be damaged more.